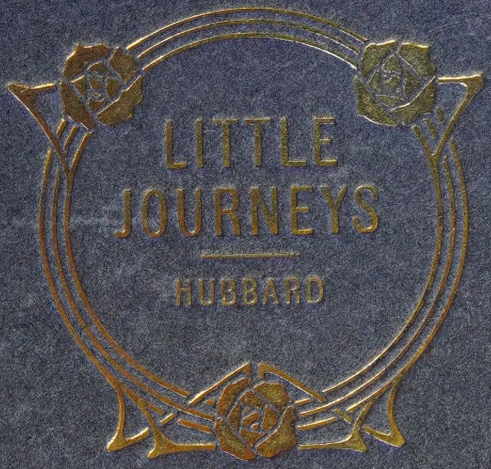
LITTLE
JOURNEYS
HUBBARD

To Jessie.
From
Mother
2/25

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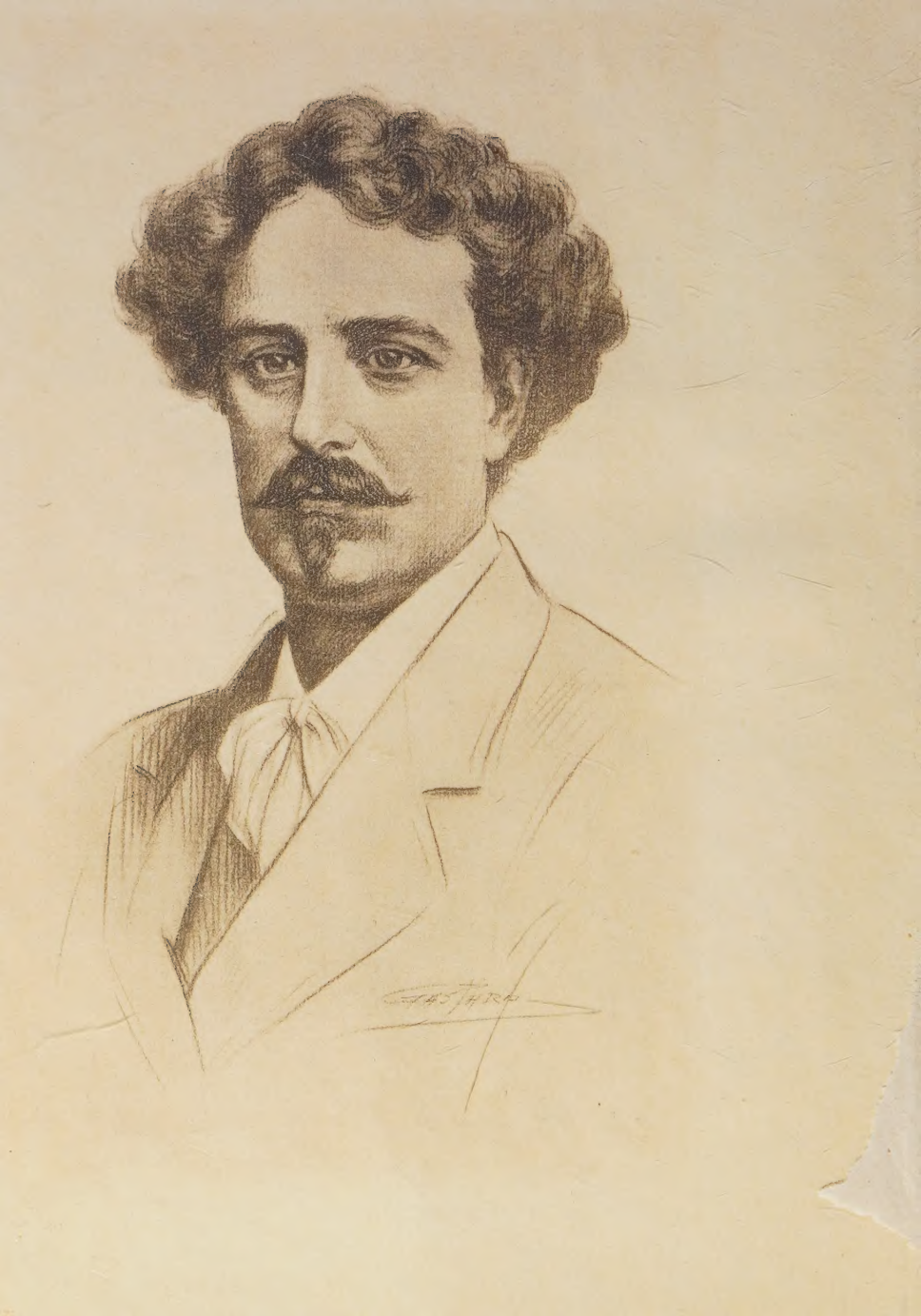

Little Journeys

To the Homes of Eminent Painters

Book Two

MIRIAM EDITION

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop, at East Aurora, New York, mcmxii

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F O R T U N Y

I THINK I knew Fortuny as well as any one did. He was surcharged with energy, animation and good-cheer; and the sunshine he worked into every canvas he attempted, was only a reflection of the sparkling, gem-like radiance of his own nature. He absorbed from earth, air, sky, the waters and men, and transmuted all dross into gold. To him all things were good.—Letter from Regnault.

FORTUNY

ONCE upon a day there was a swart, stubby boy by the name of Mariano Fortuny. He was ten years old, going on 'leven, and lived with his grandfather away up and up four flights of rickety stairs in an old house at the village of Reus, in Spain. Mariano's father had died some years before—died mysteriously in a drunken fight at a fair, where he ran a Punch and Judy show. Some said the Devil had come and carried him off, just as he nightly did Mr. Punch

Frowsy, little, shock-headed Mariano did n't feel so awfully bad when his father died, because his father used to make him turn the hand-organ all day, and half the night, and take up the collections; and the fond parent used to cuff him when there were less than ten coppers in the tambourine. They traveled around from place to place, with a big yellow dog and a little blue wagon that contained the show. They hitched their wagon to a dog. At night they would sleep in some shed back of a tavern, or under a table at a market, and Mariano would pillow his head on the yellow dog and curl up in a ball trying to keep warm.

When the father died, a tall man, who

carried a sword and wore spurs, and had two rows of brass buttons down the front of his coat, took the dog and the wagon and the Punch and Judy show and sold 'em all—so as to get money to pay the funeral expenses of the dead man ❧ ❧

The tall man with the sword might have sold little Mariano, too, or thrown him in with the lot for good measure, but nobody seemed to want the boy—they all had more boys than they really needed already.

A fat market-woman gave the lad a cake, and another one gave him two oranges, and still another market-woman, fatter than the rest, blew her nose violently on her check apron and said it was too bad a boy like that did n't have a mother ❧ ❧

Mariano never had a mother—at least none that he knew of, and it really seemed as if it did n't make much difference, but now he began to cry, and, since the fat woman had suggested it, really wished he had a mother, after all.

There was an old priest standing by in the group. Mariano had not noticed him. But when the priest said, "But God is both our father and mother, so no harm can come to us!" Mariano looked up in his face and felt better.

The priest's name was Father Gonzales; Mariano knew, because this is what the market-woman called him. The fat market-woman talked with the priest, and the priest talked with the man with the dangling sword, and then Father Gonzales took the boy by the hand and led him away, and Mariano trotted along by his side, quite content, save for a stifled wish that the big yellow dog might go too. And

it is a gross error to suppose that a yellow dog is necessarily nothing but a canine whose capillary covering is highly charged with ocherish pigment.

Where they were going made no difference. "God is our father and our mother"—Father Gonzales said so—and, faith! he ought to know.

And by and by they came to the tall old tenement-house, and climbed up the stairs to where Mariano's old "grandfather" lived. Perhaps he was n't Mariano's sure-enough grandfather, but he was just as good as if he had been.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But now it was an awfully long time ago since little Mariano and Father Gonzales had first climbed the stairs to where Grandfather Fortuny lived. The old grandfather and Mariano worked very hard, but they were quite content and happy. They had enough to eat, and each had a straw bed and warm blankets to cover them at night, and when the weather was very cold they made a fire of charcoal in a brazier and sat before it with spread-out hands, very thankful that God had given them such a good home and so many comforts.

¶ The grandfather made images out of white plaster, flowers sometimes, and curious emblems that people bought for votive offerings. Little Mariano's share in the work was to color the figures with blue and red paint, and give a lifelike tint to the fruit and bouquets that the grandfather cast from the white plaster.

Father Gonzales was their best customer, and used often to come up and watch Mariano paint an image of the Virgin, just as he ordered it. Mariano was very proud to receive

Father Gonzales' approval; and when the image was complete he would sometimes get a copper extra for delivering the work to some stricken person that the priest wished especially to remember. For one of Father Gonzales' peculiarities was that although he bought lots of things he always gave them away

Mariano used often to carry letters and packages for Father Gonzales

One day the good priest came up the stairs quite out of breath. He carried a letter in his hand.

"Here, Mariano, my boy, you can run, while my poor old legs are full of rheumatism. Here, take this letter down to the Diligence Office and tell them to send it tonight, sure. It is for the Bishop at Barcelona and it must be in his hands before tomorrow. Run now, for the last post closes very soon."

Mariano took the letter, dived hatless out of the door and, sitting on the first stair, shot to the bottom like the slide to doom

Grandfather Fortuny and the gentle old priest leaned out over the stone window-sill and laughed to see the boy scurry down the street.

Then the priest went his way.

Grandfather Fortuny waited, looking out of the window, for the boy to come back. The boy did not come.

He waited

Lights began to flicker in the windows across the way. A big red star came up in the West. The wind blew fresh and cool

The old man shut down the sash, and looked at the untasted supper of brown bread and goat's milk and fresh fruit.

He took his hat from the peg and his cane from the corner and hobbled down the stairs ❧ He went to the Diligence Office. No one there remembered seeing the boy—how can busy officials be expected to remember everything?

Grandfather Fortuny made his way to the house of Father Gonzales. The priest had been called away to attend a man sick unto death—he would not be back for an hour.

The old man waited—waited one hour—two.

Father Gonzales came, and listened calmly to the troubled tale of the old man. Then together they made their way over to the tall tenement and up the creaky stairway.

There was the flicker of a candle to be seen under the door. ¶ They entered, and there at the table sat Mariano munching silently on his midnight supper.

"Where have you been?" was the surprised question of both old men, speaking as one person.

"Me? I 've been to Barcelona to give the letter to the Bishop —the last diligence had gone," said the boy with his mouth full of bread.

"To Barcelona—ten miles, and back?"

"Me? Yes."

"Did you walk?"

"No, I ran."

Father Gonzales looked at Grandfather Fortuny, and Grandfather Fortuny looked at Father Gonzales; then they both burst out laughing. Mariano placed an extra plate on the table, and the three drew up chairs.

BUSINESS was looking up with Grandfather Fortuny and Mariano. All the images they made were quickly taken. People said they liked the way the cheeks and noses of the Apostles were colored; and when Father Gonzales brought in a sailor who had been shipwrecked, and the sailorman left ten pesetas for a plaster-of-Paris ship to be placed as a votive offering in the Chapel of Saint Dominic, their cup was full

Mariano made the ship himself, and painted it, adding the yellow pennant of Spain to the mainmast.

This piece of work caused a quarrel between Grandfather Fortuny and Father Gonzales. The priest declared that a boy like that should n't waste his youth in the shabby, tumble-down village of Reus—he should go to Barcelona and receive instruction in art.

The grandfather cried and protested that the boy was all he had to love in the wide world; he himself was growing feeble, and without the lad's help at the business nothing could be done—starvation would be the end.

Besides, it would take much money to send Mariano to the Academy—it would take all their savings, and more! Do not inflate the child with foolish notions of making a fortune and winning fame! The world is cruel, men are unkind, and the strife of trying to win leads only to disappointment and vain regret at the last. Did not the artist Salvio commit suicide? Mariano had now a trade—who in Reus could make an image of the Virgin and color it in green, red and yellow so it would sell on sight for two pesetas?

Father Gonzales smiled and said something about images

at two pesetas each as compared with the work of Murillo and Velasquez. He laughed at the old man's fears of starvation, and defied him to name a single case where any one had ever starved. And as for expenses, why, he had thought it all out: he would pay Mariano's expenses himself!

"Should we two old men, about ready to die, stand in the way of the success of that boy?" exclaimed the priest. "Why, he will be an artist yet, do you hear?—an artist!"

¶ They compromised on the Grammar-School, with three lessons a week by a drawing-master.

Grandfather Fortuny did not starve. Mariano was a regular steam-engine for work. He made more images evenings, and better ones, than they had ever made before during the day.

Finally Father Gonzales' wishes prevailed and Mariano was sent to the Academy at Barcelona. Out of his own scanty income the old priest set aside a sum equal to eight dollars a month for Mariano; and when the grandfather's sight grew too feeble for him to work at his trade he moved over to the rectory.

For a year, Father Gonzales sent the eight dollars on the first of each month. And then there came to him a brusk notification from Claudio Lorenzale, the Director of the Academy, to the effect that certain sums had been provided by the City of Barcelona to pay the expenses of four of the most worthy pupils at the Academy, and Mariano Fortuny had been voted as one who should receive the benefit of the endowment.

Father Gonzales read the notice to Grandfather Fortuny,

and then they sent out for a fowl, and a bottle, and a loaf of bread two feet long; and together the two old men made merry ❧ ❧

The grandfather had now fully come to the belief that the lad would some day be a great artist.

We do not know much concerning the details of Mariano's life at Barcelona, save from scraps of information he now and then gave out to his friends Regnault and Lorenzo Valles, and which they in turn have given to us.

Yet we know he won the love of his teachers, and that Federico Madrazo picked out his work and especially recommended it.

Madrazo, I believe, is living now—at least he was a few years ago. He was born and bred an artist. His father, Joseph, had been a pupil under David, and was an artist of more than national renown. He served the Court at Madrid in various diplomatic relations, and won wealth and a noble name ❧ ❧

Federico Madrazo used to spend a portion of his time at the Academy of Barcelona as instructor and adviser to the Director. I do not know his official position, if he had one, but I know he afterward became the Director of the Museum of Art at Madrid.

Madrazo had two sons, who are now celebrated in the art world. One of them, Raimonde Madrazo, is well known in Paris, and, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, had several pictures on exhibition at the Chicago Exposition; while another son, Rivera, is a noted sculptor and a painter of no small repute.

And so it was that Mariano Fortuny at Barcelona attracted the attention of Federico Madrazo, the artist patrician.

I can not find that Mariano's work at this time had any very special merit. It merely showed the patient, painstaking, conscientious workman. But the bright, strong, eager young man was the sort that every teacher must love. He knew what he was at school for, and did his best.

Madrazo said, "He 's a manly fellow, and if he does not succeed he is now doing more—he deserves success."

So Mariano Fortuny and the great Madrazo, pupil and teacher, became firm friends.

And we know that, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, Mariano was voted the "Prize of Rome." Each year this prize was awarded to the scholar who on vote of the teachers and scholars was deemed most deserving. It meant two years of study at Rome with five hundred dollars a year for expenses. And the only obligation was that the pupil should each year send home two paintings: one an original and the other a copy of some old masterpiece.

The sum of two hundred fifty dollars was advanced to Mariano at once. He straightway sent one-half of the amount down to his grandfather, with particulars of the good news.

"What did I tell you?" said the grandfather. "It was I who first taught him to use a brush. I used to caution him about running his reds into his greens, and told him to do as I said and he would be a great artist yet."

Father Gonzales and Grandfather Fortuny went out and bought two fowls, three bottles, and a loaf of bread a yard long

Mariano made all preparations to start for Rome. But the night before the journey was to begin, conscription officers came to his lodging and told him to consider himself under arrest—he must serve the State as a soldier.

It seems that the laws of Spain are such that any citizen can be called on to carry arms at any moment; and there are officials who do little but lie in wait for those who can pay, but have no time to fight. These officials are more intent on bleeding their countrymen than the enemy.

Mariano applied to his friend Madrazo for advice as to what to do, and Madrazo simply cut the Gordian knot by paying out of his own purse three hundred dollars to secure the release of the young artist.

And so Mariano started gaily away, carrying with him the heart's love of two old men, and the admiring affection of a whole school.

The grandfather died three months afterward—went babbling down into the Valley, making prophecies to the last to the effect that Mariano Fortuny would yet win deathless fame.

And Father Gonzales lived to see these prophecies fulfilled.

WHEN, at twenty-two, Fortuny was ordered by the city of Barcelona to accompany General Prim on his Algerian expedition, it was a milepost on his highway of success.

Nominally he was secretary to the General. Who it was secured his appointment he never knew; but we have reason to suppose it was Federico Madrazo.

Fortuny's two years in Rome had just expired; his Barcelona friends knew that the time had been well spent, and the opportunities improved, and a further transplantation they they believed would result in an increased blossoming ❧ "Enter into life! Enter into life!" was the call of a prophet long ago. In barbaric Africa, Fortuny entered into life with the same fine, free, eager, receptive spirit that he had elsewhere shown. General Prim, soldier and scholar, saw that his secretary was capable of something more than keeping accounts, and so a substitute was hired and Fortuny was sent here and there as messenger, but in reality, so that he could see as many sides of old Moorish life as possible.

Staid old General Prim loved the young man just as Madrazo had. Fortuny was not much of a soldier, for war did not interest him, save from its picturesque side: "War is transient, but Beauty is eternal," he once said.

Even the fact that the Spanish Army was now on the soil of her ancient enemy, the Moor, did not stir his patriotism. ¶ He sketched with feverish industry, fearing the war would end too soon, and he would have to go back with empty sketchbooks. The long stretches of white sands, the glaring sunshine, the paradox of riotous riches and ragged poverty,

the veiled women, blinking camels, long rifles with butts inlaid with silver, swords whose hilts are set with precious stones, gray Arab horses with tails sweeping the ground, and everywhere the flutter of rags—these things bore in on his artist-nature and filled his heart.

He hastily painted in a few of his sketches and sent them as presents to his friends in Barcelona.

The very haste of the work, the meager outline and simple colors—glaring whites and limpid blues, with here and there a dash of red to indicate a scarf or sash—astonished his old teachers. Here were pictures painted in an hour that outmatched any of the carefully worked out, methodical attempts of the Academy! It was all life, life, life—palpitating life

The sketches were shown, the men in power interviewed, and the city of Barcelona ordered Fortuny to paint one large picture to be eventually placed in the Parliament House to commemorate the victory of General Prim.

As an earnest of good faith a remittance of five hundred dollars accompanied the order.

The war was short. At the battle of Wad Ras the enemy was routed after a pitched fight where marked dash and spirit were shown on both sides.

And so this was to be the scene of Fortuny's great painting. Hundreds of sketches were made, including portraits of General Prim and various officers. Fortuny set about the work as a duty to his patrons who had so generously paved the way for all the good fortune that was his. The painting was to be a world-beater; and Fortuny, young, strong,

ambitious—knowing no such word as fail—went at the task. ¶ Fortuny had associated with many artists at Rome and he had heard of that wonderful performance of Horace Vernet's, the "Taking of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader." This picture of Vernet's, up to that time, was the largest picture ever held in a single frame. It is seventy-one feet long and sixteen feet high ✍ To describe that picture of Vernet's with its thousand figures, charging cavalry, flashing sabers, dust-clouds, fleeing cattle, stampeding buffalos, riderless horses, overturned tents, and fear-stricken, beautiful women would require a book.

In passing, it is well to say that this picture of Vernet's is the parent of all the panorama pictures that have added to the ready cash of certain enterprising citizens of Chicago, and that Vernet is the father of the modern "military school." ¶ If you have seen Vernet's painting you can never forget it, and if there were nothing else to see at Versailles but this one picture you would be repaid, and amply repaid, for going out from Paris to view it.

Before beginning his great canvas Fortuny was advised to go to Versailles and see the Vernet masterpiece.

He went and spent three days studying it in detail.

He turned away discouraged. To know too much of what other men have said is death to a writer; for an artist to be too familiar with the best in art is to have inspiration ooze out at every pore.

Fortuny took a week to think it over. He was not discouraged —not he—but he decided to postpone work on the masterpiece and busy himself for a while with simpler themes.

He remained at Paris and made his thumb-nail sketches: a Moor in spotless white robe with red cap, leaning against a wall; a camel-driver at rest; a solitary horseman with long spear; a trellis with climbing vines, and a veiled beauty looking out from behind, etc.

And in all these pictures is dazzling sunshine and living life. The joy of them, the ease, the grace, the beauty, is matchless.

¶ Goupil and Company, the art-dealers, contracted to take all the work he could turn out. And Fortuny did not make the mistake of doing too much. He possessed the artistic conscience, and nothing left his studio that did not satisfy his heart and head.

Trips had been taken to Florence, Venice and the beloved Morocco, and the poise and grace and limpid beauty of Fortuny's pictures seemed to increase.

Three years had passed, and now came a letter from the authorities at Barcelona asking for their great battle picture, and a remittance was sent "to meet expenses."

Fortuny promised, and made an effort at the work.

Another year went by and another letter of importunity came. Barcelona did not comprehend how her gifted son was now being counted among the very ablest artists in Paris—that world center of art. Artists should struggle for recognition, be rebuffed, live on a crust in dingy garrets, cultivate a gaunt and haggard look, and wear suits shiny at the elbows!

How could the old professors down at Barcelona understand that this mere youth was pressed with commissions from rich Americans, and in receipt of a princely income?

Fortuny returned all the money that Barcelona had sent him, regarding it all as a mere loan, and promised to complete the battle picture whenever he could bring his mind to bear upon it so that the work would satisfy himself.

The next year he visited Spain and was received at Madrid and Barcelona as a prince. Decorations and ceremonials greeted him at Madrid; and at Barcelona there were arches of triumph built over the streets, and a hundred students drew his carriage from the steamboat-landing up to the old Academy where he used to draw angles and curves from a copy all day long.

And it was not so many moons after this visit to Barcelona that wedding-bells were sent a-swing, and Mariano Fortuny was married to Cecilia, daughter of Federico Madrazo.

Their honeymoon of a year was spent at the Alhambra Palace amid the scenes made famous by our own Washington Irving. And it was from Granada that he sent a picture to America to be sold for the benefit of the sufferers in the Chicago fire.

But there were no idle days. The artist worked with diligence, dipping deep into the old Moorish life, and catching the queer angles of old ruins and more queer humanity upon his palette. His noble wife proved his mate in very deed, and much of his best work is traceable to her loving criticism and inspiration.

Paris, Granada and Rome were their home, each in turn. The prices Fortuny realized were even greater than Meissonier commanded. Some of his best pieces are owned in America, through the efforts of W. H. Stewart of Phila-

delphia. At the A. T. Stewart sale, in New York, the "Fortunys" brought higher prices than anything else in the collection, save, I believe, the "1807" of Meissonier. In fact, there are more "Fortunys" owned in New York than there are in either Barcelona or Madrid.

Indeed, there is a marked similarity between the style of Fortuny and that of Meissonier. When some busybody informed Meissonier that Fortuny was imitating him, Meissonier replied, "To have such a genius as Mariano Fortuny imitate me would be the greatest happiness of my whole career."

Fortuny's life is mirrored in his name: his whole career was one triumphant march to fortune, fame, love and honor. ¶ He avoided society, as he was jealous of the fleeting hours, and his close friends were few; but those who knew him loved him to a point just this side of idolatry.

Fortuny died at Rome on November Twenty-second, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, of brain rupture—an instant and painless death. In his short life of thirty-six years he accomplished remarkable results, but all this splendid work he regarded as merely in the line of preparation for a greater work yet to come.

For some weeks before he died he had been troubled with a slight fever, contracted, he thought, from painting in a damp church; but the day of his death he took up his brush again and, as he worked, gaily talked with his wife of their plans for the future.

It is very pleasant to recall, however, that before death claimed him, Fortuny had completed the great picture of

"The Battle of Wad Ras." The canvas is now hanging on the wall of the Parliament House at Barcelona, and the picture is justly the pride of the city that showed itself such a wise and loving mother to the motherless boy, Mariano Fortuny.

ITALY and Spain are sisters, and not merely first cousins, as Mr. Whistler once remarked. Their history to a great degree is contemporaneous. They have seen dynasties arise, grow old, and die; and schools of art, once the pride of the people, sink into blank forgetfulness: for schools, like dynasties and men, live their day and go tottering to their rest.

Italy, as the elder sister, has set the fashion for the younger. The manners, habits and customs of the people have been the same.

To a great extent all art is controlled by fad and fashion; and all the fashions in the polite arts easily drifted from Italy into Spain. The works of Titian carried to Madrid produced a swarm of imitators, some of whom, like Velasquez, Zurbaran, Ribera and Murillo, having spun their cocoons, passed through the chrysalis stage, developed wings, and soared to high heaven. But the generations of imitators who followed these have usually done little better than gape.

And although Spain has been a kind mother to art for four hundred years, yet the modern school of Spanish art shows no "apostolic succession" from the past. It is a thing separate and alone: gorgeous, dazzling, strong, and rarely beautiful. Totally unlike the art of the old masters, it takes its scenes from Nature and actual living life—depending not on myth, legend or fable. It discards pure imagination, and by holding a mirror up to Nature has done the world the untold blessing of introducing it to itself.

The average man sees things in the mass, and therefore sees

nothing; everything, to his vision, is run together in hopeless jumble: all is discord, confusion—inextricable confusion worse confounded.

But the artist who is also a scientist (whether he knows it or not) discovers that in the seeming confusion, order, method and law yet reign supreme. And to prove his point he lifts from the tangle of things one simple, single scene and shows this, and this alone, in all its full and rounded completeness—beautiful as a snow-crystal on the slide of a microscope.

All art consists in this: to show the harmony of a part. And having seen the harmony of a part we pass on to a point where we can guess the harmony of the whole. Whether you be painter, sculptor, musician or writer, all your endeavors are toward lifting from the mass of things a scene, a form, a harmony, a truth, and, relieving it from all that distracts, catch it in immortal amber.

The writer merely unearths truth: truth has always existed: he lifts it out of the mass, and holding it up where others can see it, the discerning cry, "Yes, yes—we recognize it!" The musician takes the sound he needs from the winds blowing through the forest branches, constructs a harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, and behold, we have a symphony! The wrongs of a race in bondage never touched the hearts of men until a woman lifted out a single, solitary black man and showed us the stripes upon the quivering back of Uncle Tom. One human being nailed to a cross reveals the concentrated woes of earth; and as we gaze upon the picture, into our hard hearts there comes creeping

a desire to lessen the sorrows of the world by an increased love; and a gentleness and sympathy are ours such as we have never before known.

Fortuny is king of the modern school of Spanish painters. His genius made an epoch, and worked a revolution in the art of his country—and, some have said, in the art of the time.

As a nation it may be that Spain is crumbling into dust, but her rotting ruins will yet fertilize many a bank of violets. Certain it is that no modern art surpasses the art of Spain; and for once Italy must go to Spain for her pattern.

ARY SCHEFFER

A R Y S C H E F F E R

THE artistic tastes of the Princess, the lofty range of her understanding, her liberality, and the sterling benevolence of her mind all combined to engender a coldness and lack of sympathy between herself and the persons composing the Court.

In the heart of the Princess dwelt a deep religious faith, such as becomes a noble, womanly heart. Nevertheless, her ardent mind sought to penetrate every mystery, so she was often accused of being a doubter—when the reverse was really true.—Ary Scheffer to his brother Arnold.

ARY SCHEFFER

THE artistic evolution of Ary Scheffer was brought about mainly through the influence of three women. In the love of these women he was bathed, nourished and refreshed; their approbation gave direction to his efforts; for them he lived and worked; while a fourth woman, by her inability to comprehend the necessities of such a genius, clipped his wings, so that he fell to earth and his feet mired in the clay.

The first factor in the evolution of Scheffer, in point of both time and importance, was his mother. She was the flint upon which he tried his steel: his teacher, adviser, critic, friend. She was a singularly strong and capable woman, seemingly slight and fragile, but with a deal of whipcord, sinewy strength in both her physical and mental fiber.

No one can study the lives of eminent artists without being impressed with the fact that the artist is essentially the child of his mother. The sympathy demanded to hold a clear, mental conception—the imagination that sees the whole, even when the first straight line is made—is the gift of mother to son. She gives him of her spirit, and he is heir to her love of color, her desire for harmony and her hunger for

sympathy. These, plus his masculine strength, may allow him to accomplish that which was to her only a dream.

If a mother is satisfied with her surroundings, happy in her environment, and therefore without "a noble discontent," her children will probably be quite willing to have a good time on the "unearned increment" that is their material portion. Her virtue and passive excellence die with her, and she leaves a brood of mediocrities.

Were this miraculous scheme of adjustment lacking in the Eternal Plan, wealth, achievement and talent could be passed along in a direct line and the good things of earth be corraled by a single family.

But Nature knows no law of entail; she does, however, have her Law of Compensation, and this is the law which holds in order the balance of things. If a man accumulates a vast fortune, he probably also breeds spendthrifts who speedily distribute his riches; if he has great talent, the talent dies with him, for he only inspires those who are not of his blood; and if a woman is deprived of the environment for which her soul yearns, quite often her children adjust the average by working out an answer to her prayer.

When twenty-eight years of age we find Madame Scheffer a widow, with three sons: by name, Ariel, Henri and Arnold.

¶ Madame Scheffer had a little money—not much, but enough to afford her a small, living income.

She might have married again, or she could have kept her little "dot" intact and added interest to principal by going and living with kinsmen who were quite willing to care for her and adopt her children.

But no; she decided to leave the sleepy little Dutch village where they lived in Holland, and go down to Paris.

And so she thrust her frail bark boldly out upon the tide, hoping and expecting that somewhere and sometime the Friendly Islands would be reached. She would spend her last sou in educating her boys, and she knew, she said, that when that was gone, God would give them the power and inclination to care for her and provide for themselves. In short, she tumbled her whole basket of bread upon the waters, fully confident that it would come back buttered. Her object in moving to Paris was that her boys could acquire French, the language of learning, and also that they might be taught art.

And so they moved to the great, strange world of Paris—Paris the gay, Paris the magnificent, Paris that laughs and leers and sees men and women go down to death, and still laughs on.

They lived, away up and up in a tenement-house, in two little rooms. There was no servant, and the boys took hold cheerfully to do the housekeeping, for the mother was n't so very strong.

The first thing was to acquire the French language, and if you live in Paris the task is easy. You just have to—that 's all ❧ ❧

Madame Scheffer was an artist of some little local repute in the village where they had lived, and she taught her boys the rudiments of drawing.

Ariel was always called Ary. When he grew to manhood he adopted this pet name his mother had playfully given him.

He used to call her "Little Mother." Shortly after reaching Paris, Ary was placed in the studio of M. Guerin. Arnold showed a liking for the Oriental languages, and was therefore allowed to follow the bent of his mind. Henri waxed fat on the crumbs of learning that Ary brought home.

And so they lived and worked and studied; very happy, with only now and then twinges of fear for the future, for it would look a little black at times, do all they could to laugh away the clouds. It was a little democracy of four, with high hopes and lofty ideals. Mutual tasks and mutual hardships bound them together in a love that was as strong as it was tender and sweet.

Two years of Paris life had gone by, and the little fund that had not been augmented by a single franc in way of income had dwindled sadly.

In six months it was gone.

They were penniless.

The mother sold her wedding-ring and the brooch her husband had given her before they were married.

Then the furniture went to the pawnbroker's, piece by piece.

¶ One day Ary came bounding up the stairs, three steps at a time. He burst into the room and tossed into his mother's lap fifty francs.

When he got his breath he explained that he had sold his first picture.

Ary, the elder boy, was eighteen; Henri, the younger, was thirteen. "It was just like a play, you see," said Ary Scheffer, long years afterward. "When things get desperate enough they have to mend—they must. The pictures I painted were

pretty bad, but I really believe they were equal to many that commanded large prices, and I succeeded in bringing a few buyers around to my views. Genius may starve in a garret, if alone; but the genius that would let its best friends starve, too, being too modest to press its claims, is a little lacking somewhere."

Young Scheffer worked away at any subject he thought would sell. He painted just as his teacher, Guerin, told him, and Guerin painted just like his idol, David, or as nearly as he could.

Art had gotten into a fixed groove; laws had been laid down as to what was classic and what not. Conservatism was at the helm

Art, literature, philosophy, science, even religion, have their periods of infancy, youth, manhood and decay. And there comes a time to every school, and every sect, when it ceases to progress. When it says, "There now, this is perfection, and he who seeks to improve on it is anathema," it is dead, and should be buried. But schools and sects and creeds die hard. Creeds never can be changed: they simply become obsolete and are forgotten; they turn to dust and are blown away on the free winds of heaven.

The art of the great David had passed into the hands of imitators. It had become a thing of metes and bounds and measurements and geometric theorems. Its colors were made by mixing this with that according to certain fixed formulas

About this time a young playwright by the name of Victor Hugo was making much din, and the classics as a conse-

quence were making mighty dole and endeavoring to hiss him down. The Censor had forbidden a certain drama of Hugo's to be played until it had been cut and trimmed and filed and polished, and made just like all other plays.

Victor Hugo was the acknowledged leader of the spirit of protest; in lyric music Rossini led; and Delacroix raised the standard of revolt in painting. With this new school, which called itself "Romanticism," Madame Scheffer and her sons sincerely sympathized. The term "Romanticism" of itself means little, or nothing, or everything, but the thing itself is the eternal plea for the right of the individual—a cry for the privilege to live your own life and express the truth as you feel it, all in your own way. It is a revolution that has come a thousand times, and must and will come again and again. When custom gets greater than man it must be broken. The ankylosis of artistic smugness is no new thing. In heart and taste and ambition Ary and the Little Mother were one. Madame Scheffer rejoiced in the revolt she saw in the air against the old and outgrown. She was a Republican in all her opinions and ideals; and these feelings she shared with her boys. They discussed politics and art and religion over the teacups; and this brave and gentle woman kept intellectual pace with her sons, who in merry frolic often carried her about in their arms. Only yesterday, it seemed to her, she had carried them, and felt upon her face the soft caress of baby hands. And now one of these sons stood a foot higher than she.

Ary Scheffer was tall, slender, with a thoughtful, handsome face. The habit of close study, and the early realization of

responsibilities had hastened his maturity. Necessity had sharpened his business sense and given a practical side to his nature, so he deferred enough to the old world to secure from it the living that is every man's due.

His pictures sold—sold for all they were worth. The prices were not large, but there was enough money so that the gaunt wolf that once scratched and sniffed at the door was no longer to be seen nor heard.

They had all they needed. The Little Mother was the banker, and we may safely guess that nothing was wasted.

Pupils now came to Ary Scheffer—dull fellows from the schools, who wished to be coached. Sitters in search of good portraits, cheap for cash, occasionally climbed the stairway. The Little Mother dusted about and fixed up the studio so as to make it look prosperous.

One fine lady came in a carriage to sit for her portrait. She gave her wraps into the keeping of the Little Mother at the door, with an admonitory, "Take care of these, mind you, or I 'll report you to your master."

The Little Mother bowed low and promised.

That night when she told at the supper-table how the fine lady had mistaken her for a servant, Henri said, "Well, just charge the fine lady fifty francs extra in the bill for that."

¶ But Ary would not consent to let the blunder go so cheaply. When the fine lady came for her next sitting, the Little Mother was called and advised with at length as to pose and color-scheme.

Neither was the advising sham, for Ary deferred to his mother's judgment in many ways, and no important step

was taken without her approval ❧ They were more like lovers than mother and son. His treatment of her was more than affectionate—it was courteous and deferential, after the manner of men who had ancestors who were knights of the olden time.

The desire to sit on a divan and be waited upon is the distinguishing feature of the heartless mistress of fortune. Like the jeweled necklace and bands of gold at wrist and waist, which symbol a time when slavery was rife and these gauds had a practical meaning, so does the woman who in bringing men to her feet by beck and nod tell of animality too coarse for speech.

But the woman with the great, tender and loving heart gives her all and asks no idolatrous homage. Her delight is in serving, and willingly and more than willingly, for without thought she breaks the vase of precious ointment and wipes the feet of the beloved with the hairs of her head. ¶ Madame Scheffer sought in all ways to serve her sons, and so we find there was always a gentle rivalry between Ary and his mother as to who could love most.

She kept his studio in order, cleaned his brushes and prepared the canvas. In the middle of the forenoon she would enter his workroom with tea and toast or other little delicacies that he liked, and putting the tray down, would kiss the forehead of the busy worker and gently tiptoe out.

When the day's work was done she intelligently criticized and encouraged; and often she would copy the picture herself and show how it could be changed for the better here or there.

And all this fine, frank, loving companionship so filled Ary's heart that he put far behind him all thought of a love for another with its closer tie. He lived and worked for the Little Mother. They were very happy, for they were succeeding. They had met the great, cruel world, the world of Paris that romps and dances and laughs, and sees struggling and sad-eyed women and men go down to their death, and still laughs on; they had met the world in fair fight and they had won.

The Little Mother had given all for Ary; on his genius and ability she had staked her fortune and her life.

And now, although he was not twenty-one, she saw all that she had given in perfect faith, coming back with interest ten times compounded.

The art world of Paris had both recognized and acknowledged the genius of her boy—with that she was content.

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Eighteen, we find General Lafayette writing to Lady Morgan in reference to a proposed visit to the Chateau de la Grange. He says: "I do not think you will find it dull here. Among others of our household is a talented young painter by the name of Scheffer."

Later, Lady Morgan writes to friends in England from La Grange, "Ary Scheffer, a talented artist, is a member of our company here at the chateau. He is quite young, but is already a person of note. He is making a portrait of the General, and giving lessons to the young ladies in drawing, and I, too, am availing myself of his tutorship."

Through his strong Republican tendencies Scheffer had very naturally drifted into the company of those who knew Lafayette. The artist knew the history of the great man and was familiar with his American career. Scheffer was interested in America, for the radicals with whom he associated were well aware that there might come a time when they would have to seek hastily some hospitable clime where to think was not a crime. And indeed, it is but natural that those with a penchant for heresy should locate a friendly shore, just as professional criminals study the extradition laws.

Lafayette, Franklin and Washington had long been to Scheffer a trinity of familiar names, and when an opportunity came to be introduced to the great Franco-American patriot he gladly embraced it.

Lafayette was sixty-one; Scheffer was twenty-three, but there at once sprang up a warm friendship between them. Not long after their first meeting Scheffer was invited to

come to La Grange and make it his home as long as he cared to ❧ ❧

The Little Mother urged the acceptance of such an invitation. To associate for a time with the aristocratic world would give the young man an insight into society and broaden his horizon ❧ ❧

In the family of Lafayette, Scheffer mingled on an equality with the guests. His conversation was earnest, serious and elevated; and his manner so gracious and courtly that he won the respect of all he met. Lady Morgan intimates that his simplicity of manner tempted the young ladies who were members of his class in drawing to cut various innocent capers in his presence, and indulge in sly jokes which never would have been perpetrated had the tutor been more of a man of the world.

It has happened more than once that men of the highest spirituality have had small respect for religion, as it is popularly manifested. The machinery of religion and religion itself are things that are often widely separated; and Ary Scheffer was too high-minded and noble to worship the letter and relinquish the spirit that maketh alive. He was of that type that often go through the world scourged by a yearning for peace, and like the dove sent out from the Ark finding no place to rest. All about he beheld greed, selfishness, hypocrisy and pretense. He longed for simplicity and absolute honesty, and was met by craft and diplomacy. He asked for religion, and was given a creed.

And so into the hearts of such as he there comes creeping a spirit of revolt. Instead of accepting this topsy-turvy old

world and making the best of it, their eyes are fixed upon an ideal that Heaven alone can realize.

The home of Lafayette was the rendezvous of the discontented. Art, literature, politics and religion were all represented in the parlors of La Grange. Where Franklin had discoursed Poor Richard philosophy, there now gathered each Sunday night a company in which "the greatest of the Americans" would have delighted. For this company, no question was too sacred for frank and free discussion. ¶ It was at the home of Lafayette that Scheffer met Augustin Thierry, and between these two there grew a friendship that only death was to divide.

But there was one other person Scheffer met at La Grange who was to exercise a profound influence on his life: this was the Duchess of Orleans. The quiet manliness of the young artist impressed the future Queen of France, and he was invited to Neuilly to copy certain portraits.

In the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, we find Scheffer regularly established in the household of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, with commissions to paint portraits of all the members of the family, and incidentally to give lessons in drawing and mathematics to the Princess Marie. ¶ The Princess had been a sore trial to her parents, in that she had failed to fit into the conventional ways of polite society. Once she had shocked all Neuilly by donning man's attire and riding horseback astride. A worthy priest who had been her tutor had found her tongue too sharp for his comfort, and had resigned his post in dismay. The Princess argued religion with the Bishop and discussed politics with

visitors in such a radical way that her father often turned pale. For the diversions of society she had a profound contempt that did not fail to manifest itself in sharp sallies against the smug hypocrisy of the times ❧ She had read widely, knew history, was familiar with the poets, and had dived into the classics to a degree equaled by few women in France. So keen was her wit that, when pompous dignitaries dined at Neuilly, her father and mother perspired freely, not knowing what was coming next. In her character were traits that surely did not belie her Louis Quatorze ancestry. ¶ And yet this father and mother had a certain secret pride in the accomplishments of their daughter. Parents always do. Her independence sort of kept them vibrating between ecstasies of joy and chills of fear.

The Princess was plain in feature but finely formed, and had attracted the favorable attention of various worthy young men, but no man had ever dared to make love to her except by post or proxy. Several lovers had pressed their claims, making appeal through her father; but the Duke of Orleans, strong as he was, never had cared to intimate to his daughter a suggestion as to whom she should wed. Love to her was a high and holy sacrament, and a marriage of convenience or diplomacy was to the mind of the Princess immoral and abhorrent.

The father knew her views and respected them.

But happiness is not a matter of intellect. And in spite of her brilliant, daring mind the Princess of Orleans was fretting her soul out against the bars of environment: she lacked employment; she longed to do, to act, to be.

She had ambitions in the line of art, and believed she had talent that was worth cultivating.

And so it was that Ary Scheffer, the acknowledged man of talent, was invited to Neuilly.

He came.

He was twenty-nine years of age; the Princess was twenty-five ❧ ❧

The ennui of unused powers and corroding heart-hunger had made the Princess old before her time. Scheffer's fight with adversity had long before robbed him of his youth.

These two eyed each other curiously.

The gentle, mild-voiced artist knew his place and did not presume on terms of equality with the Princess who traced a direct pedigree to Louis the Great. He thought to wait and allow her gradually to show her quality.

She tried her caustic wit upon him, and he looked at her out of mild blue eyes and made no reply. He had no intention of competing with her on her own preserve; and he had a pride in his profession that equaled her pride of birth.

He looked at her—just looked at her in silence. And this spoilt child, before whom all others quailed, turned scarlet, stammered and made apology.

In good sooth, she had played tierce and thrust with every man she had met, and had come off without a scar; but here was a man of pride and poise, and yet far beneath her in a social way, and he had rebuked her haughty spirit by a simple look ❧ ❧

A London lawyer has recently put in a defense for wife-beating, on the grounds that there are women who should

be chastised for their own good. I do not go quite this far, but from the time Scheffer rebuked the Princess of Orleans by refusing to reply to her saucy tongue there was a perfect understanding between them. The young woman listened respectfully if he spoke, and when he painted followed his work with eager eyes.

At last she had met one who was not intent on truckling for place and pelf. His ideals were as high and excellent as her own—his mind more sincere. Life was more to him than to her, because he was working his energies up into art, and she was only allowing her powers to rust.

She followed him dumbly, devotedly.

He wished to treat her as an honored pupil and with the deference that was her due, but she insisted that they should study and work as equals.

Instead of giving the young woman lessons to learn, they studied together. Her task as pupil was to read to him two hours daily as he worked, and things she did not fully understand he explained.

The Princess made small progress as a painter, probably because her teacher was so much beyond her that she was discouraged at thought of equaling him; and feeling that in so many other ways they were equals, she lost heart in trying to follow him in this.

At length, weary of attempts at indifferent drawing, the Princess begged her tutor to suggest some occupation for her where they could start afresh and work out problems together. Scheffer suggested modeling in clay, and the subject was taken up with avidity.

The Princess developed a regular passion for the work, and group after group was done. Among other figures she attempted was an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc.

This work was cast in bronze and now occupies an honored place at Versailles.

So thoroughly did the young woman enter into the spirit of sculpture that she soon surpassed Scheffer in this particular line; but to him she gave all credit.

Her success was a delight to her parents, who saw with relief that the carping spirit of cynicism was gone from her mind, and instead had come a kindly graciousness that won all hearts

In the ability to think and act with independence there was something decidedly masculine in the spirit of the Princess Marie; and, as I have shown, Scheffer possessed a sympathy and gentleness that was essentially feminine (which is quite a different thing from being effeminate). These two souls complemented each other, and their thoughts being fixed on similar ideals, how can we wonder that a very firm affection blossomed into being?

But the secret of their love has never been written, and base would be the pen that would attempt to picture it in detail. ¶ Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

The Duke and Duchess admired Scheffer, but never quite forgot that he was in their employ, and all their attempts to treat him as an equal revealed the effort. It was as though they had said: "You are lowly bred, and work with your hands, and receive a weekly wage, but these things are

nothing to us. We will not think less of you, for see, do we not invite you to our board?"

The aristocracy of birth is very seldom willing to acknowledge the aristocracy of brain. And the man of brains, if lowly born, has a mild indifference, at least, for all the gilt and gaud of royalty. The Prince of Wales does not recognize the nobility of Israel Zangwill; and Israel Zangwill asks in bored indifference, "Who—who is this man you call H. R. H.?"

But love is greater than man-made titles, and when was there ever a difference in station able to separate hearts that throbbed only for each other?

Possibly even the stern old Duke might have relented and given his blessing were it not that events of mighty importance came seething across the face of France, and duties to his country outweighed the duties to his daughter.

On the Thirtieth day of July, Eighteen Hundred Thirty, Ary Scheffer was at the house of his mother in Paris. A hurried knock came at the door, and Ary answered it in person. There on the threshold stood M. Thiers.

"Oh, Scheffer! it is you, how fortunate! you are a member of the household of Orleans, and I have a most important message for the Duke. You must go with me and deliver it to him."

"I see," said Scheffer; "the Convention has named the Duke as King of France, and we are to notify him."

"Exactly so," said Thiers.

Horses were at the door: they mounted and rode away. The streets were barricaded, so carriages were out of the

question, but Scheffer and Thiers leaped the barricades, and after several minor mishaps found themselves safely out of Paris.

The call was not entirely unexpected on the part of the Duke. Scheffer addressed him as "Le Roi," and this told all. ¶ The Duke hesitated, but finally decided to accept the mission, fraught with such mighty import. He started in disguise for Paris that night on foot.

At the back entrance of the Palais Royal stood Ary Scheffer, and saw Louis Philippe mingle with the crowd, unrecognized —then pass into the palace—this palace that was his birthplace

The next day Louis appeared with Lafayette on a balcony of the Hotel de Ville, and these two embraced each other in sight of the multitude.

It is not for me to write a history of those troublous times, but suffice it to say that the "Citizen King" ruled France probably as well as any other man could have done. His task was a most difficult one, for he had to be both king and citizen—to please Royalist and Populist alike.

This sudden turn of the political kaleidoscope was a pivotal point in the life of Ary Scheffer. So long as the Duke of Orleans was a simple country gentleman, Scheffer was the intimate friend of the family, but how could the King of France admit into his family circle a mere low-born painter? Certainly not they who are descended from kings!

Orders were issued by the government to Scheffer to paint certain pictures, and vouchers reached him from official sources, but he was made to understand that friendship

with the household of a king was not for him. Possibly he had been too much mixed up with the people in a political way! The favor of the populace is a thing monarchs jealously note, as mariners on a lee shore watch the wind.

The father of Louis Philippe was descended from a brother of Louis the Great, while on his mother's side he was a direct descendant of the great monarch and Madame de Montespan. Such an inbred claim to royalty was something of which to boast, but at the same time Louis Philippe was painfully sensitive as to the blot on the 'scutcheon.

The Princess Marie knew the slender tenure by which her father held his place, and although her heart was wrung by the separation from her lover, she was loyal to duty as she saw it, and made no sign that might embarrass the Citizen King.

Arnold and Henri Scheffer were each married, and working out careers. Ary and his mother lived together, loving and devoted. And into the keeping of this mother had come a grandchild—a beautiful girl-baby. They called her name Cornelie. About the mother of Cornelie the grandmother was not curious. It was enough to know that the child was the child of her son, and upon the babe she lavished all the loving tenderness of her great, welling, mother heart. She had no words but those of gentleness and love for the son that had brought this charge to her. And did she guess that this child would be the sustaining prop for her son when she, herself, was gone?

All this time the poor Princess Marie was practically a prisoner in the great palace, wearing out her heart, a slave

to what she considered duty. She grew ill, and all efforts of her physicians to arouse her from her melancholy were in vain.

Her death was a severe shock to poor Scheffer. For some months friends feared for his sanity, for he would only busy his brush with scenes from Faust, or religious subjects that bordered on morbidity. Again and again he painted "Marguerite in Prison," "Marguerite Waiting," "Marguerite in Paradise" and "Mignon." Into all of his work he infused that depth of tenderness which has given the critics their cue for accusing him of "sentimentality gone mad." And in fact no one can look upon any of the works of Scheffer, done after Eighteen Hundred Thirty, without being profoundly impressed with the brooding sadness that covers all as with a garment.

From the time he met the Princess of Orleans there came a decided evolution in his art; but it was not until she had passed away that one could pick out an unsigned canvas and say positively, "This is Scheffer's!"

In all his work you see that look of soul, and in his best you behold a use of the blue background that rivals the blue of heaven. No other painter that I can recall has gotten such effects from colors so simple.

But Scheffer's life was not all sadness. For even when the Little Mother had passed away, Ary Scheffer wrote calmly to his friend August Thierry: "I yet have my daughter Cornelie, and were it not for her I fear my work would be a thing of the past; but with her I still feel that God exists. My life is filled with love and light."

IT was a curious circumstance that Ary Scheffer, who conducted the Citizen King to Paris, was to lead him away

Scheffer was a Captain in the National Guard, and when the stormy times of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight came, he put away his brushes, locked his studio, and joined his regiment

Louis Philippe had begun as a "citizen"—one of the people—and following the usual course had developed into a monarch with a monarch's indifference to the good of the individual

The people clamored for a republic, and agitation soon developed into revolution. On the morning of the Twenty-fourth of February, Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, Scheffer met the son of Lafayette, who was also an officer in the National Guard.

"How curious," said Lafayette, "that we should be protecting a King for whom we have so little respect!"

"Still, we will do our duty," answered Scheffer.

They made their way to the Tuileries, and posted themselves on the terrace beneath the windows of the King's private apartments. As they sat on the steps in the wan light of breaking day, Scheffer heard some one softly calling his name. He listened and the call was repeated.

"Who wants me?" answered Scheffer.

"'T is I, the Queen!" came the answer.

Scheffer looked up and at the lattice of the window saw the white face of the woman he had known so well and intimately for a full score of years.

The terror of the occasion did away with all courtly etiquette.

"Who is with you?" asked the Queen.

"Only Lafayette," was the answer.

"Come in at once, both of you. The King has abdicated and you must conduct us to a place of safety."

Scheffer and his companion ran up the steps, the Queen unbolted the door with her own hands, and they entered. Inside the hallway they found Louis Philippe dressed as for a journey, with no sign of kingly trappings. With them were their sons and several grandchildren.

They filed out of the palace, through the garden, and into the Place de la Concorde—that spot of ghastly memories. ¶ The King looked about nervously. Some of the mob recognized him.

Scheffer concluded that a bold way was the best, and stepping ahead of Louis Philippe, called in a voice of authority, "Make way—make way for the King!"

The crowd parted, dumb with incredulity at the strange sight. ¶ By the fountain in the square stood a public carriage, and into this shabby vehicle of the night the royal passengers were packed.

Dumas, who had followed the procession, mounted the box. ¶ Scheffer gave a quick whispered order to the driver, closed the door with a slam, lifted his hat, and the vehicle rumbled away towards the Quai.

When Scheffer got back to the Tuileries the mob had broken in the iron gates at the front of the gardens, and was surging through the palace in wild disorder.

Scheffer hastened home to tell Cornelie the news of the night.

WHEN the Little Mother died, a daughter of Henri Scheffer came to join the household of Ary Scheffer. The name of this niece was also Cornelie.

The fact of there being two young women in the house by one name has led to confusion among the biographers. And thus it happens that at least four encyclopedias record that Ernest Renan married the daughter of Ary Scheffer. Renan married the niece, and the fact that they named their first child Ary helped, possibly, to confirm the error of the biographers

Scheffer's life was devoted to providing for and educating these young women. He himself gave them lessons in the languages, in music, painting and sculpture. The daughter was a handsome girl; and in point of intellect kept her artist-father very busy to keep one lesson in advance Together they painted and modeled in clay, and the happiness that came to Scheffer as he saw her powers unfold was the sweetest experience he had ever known.

The coldness between himself and the King had increased. But Louis Philippe did not forget him, for commissions came, one after another, for work to cover the walls of the palace at Versailles. With the Queen his relations were friendly—even intimate. Several times she came to his house. Her interest in Cornelie was tender and strong, and when Scheffer painted a "Mignon" and took Cornelie for a model, the Queen insisted on having the picture and paying her own price—a figure quite beyond what the artist asked

This picture, which represents so vividly the profound

pathos and depth of soul which Ary Scheffer could put upon a canvas, can now be seen in the Louvre. But the best collection of Scheffer's portraits and historical pictures is at Versailles.

In the gentle companionship of his beloved daughter, Scheffer found the meed of joy that was his due. With her he lived over the days that had gone forever, and those other days that might have been.

And when the inevitable came and this daughter loved a worthy and suitable young man, Scheffer bowed his head, and fighting hard to keep back the tears gave the pair his blessing

The marriage of Doctor Marjolin and Cornelie Scheffer was a happy mating; and both honored the gifted father and ministered to him in every kindly way.

But so susceptible was Scheffer's nature that when his daughter had given her whole heart to another, the fine edge of his art was dulled and blunted. He painted through habit, and the work had merit, but only at rare intervals was there in it that undefinable something which all can recognize, but none analyze, that stamps the product as great art.

WHEN, in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty, Scheffer married, it was the death of his art.

The artist does business on a very small margin of inspiration. Do you understand me? The man of genius is not a genius all the time. Usually he is only a very ordinary individual. There may be days or weeks that are fallow, and sometimes even years that are years of famine. He can not conquer the mood of depression that is holding him to earth

But some day the clouds suddenly clear away, the sun bursts out, and the soul of the man is alive with divine fervor Sublime thoughts crowd upon him, great waves of emotion sweep over his soul, and as Webster said of his Hayne speech, "The air was full of reasons, and all I had to do was to reach up and seize them."

All great music and all deathless poems are written in a fever of ecstasy; all paintings that move men to tears are painted in tears

But it is easy to break in upon the sublime mood and drag the genius back to earth. Certain country cousins who occasionally visited the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson cut all mental work off short; the philosopher laid down his pen when the cousins came a-cousining and literally took to the woods. An uncongenial caller would instantly unhorse Carlyle, and Tennyson had a hatred of all lion-hunters —not merely because they were lion-hunters, but because they broke in upon his paradise and snapped the thread of inspiration

Mrs. Grote tells us that Scheffer's wife was intelligent and

devoted—in fact, she was too devoted. She would bring her sewing and watch the artist at his work. If the great man grew oblivious of her presence she gently chided him for it; she was jealous of his brothers, jealous of his daughter, even jealous of his art. She insisted not only that he should love her, but demanded that he should love nothing else. And yet all the time she was putting forth violent efforts to make him happy. As a result she put him in a mood where he loved nothing and nobody. She clipped his wings, and instead of a soaring genius we find a whimsical, commonplace man with occupation gone.

Wives demand the society of their husbands as their lawful right, and I suppose it is expecting too much to suppose that any woman, short of a saint, could fit into the bachelor ways of a dreamer of dreams, aged fifty-five.

Before he met the widow of General Beaudrand, Scheffer was happy, with a sweet, sad happiness in the memories of the love of his youth—the love that was lost, and being lost still lived and filled his heart.

But the society of the widow was agreeable, her conversation vivacious. He decided that this being so it might be better still to have her by him all the time. And this was what the lady desired, for it was she who did the courting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "Because I like an occasional pinch of salt is no reason why you should immerse me in brine," but Ary Scheffer, the mild, gentle and guileless, did not reason quite so far.

The vivacious Sophie took him captive, and he was shorn of his strength. And no doubt the ex-widow was as much

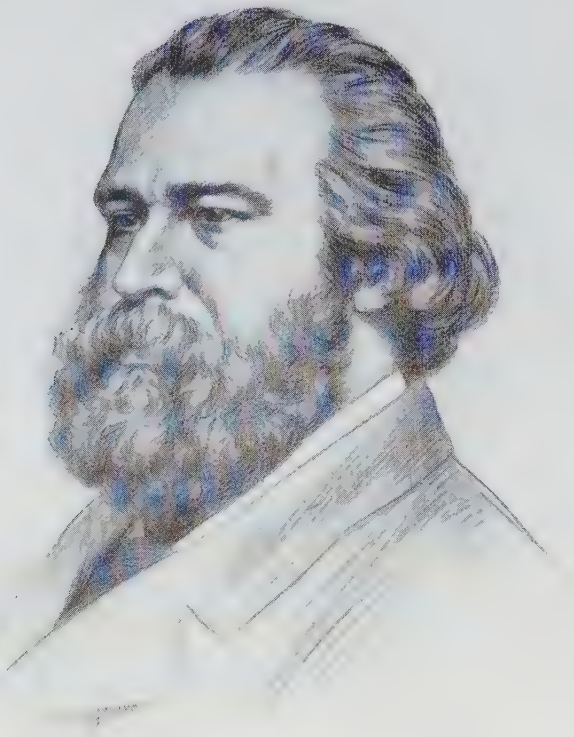
disappointed as he; there really was no good reason why he should not paint better than ever, when here he would n't work at all! Lawks-a-daisy!

His spirit beat itself out against the bars, health declined, and although he occasionally made groggy efforts to shake himself back into form, his heart was not in his work.

Seven years went dragging by, and one morning there came word from London that the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the beloved Marie, was dying. Scheffer was ill, but he braced himself for the effort, and hastily started away alone, leaving a note for Cornelie.

He arrived in England in time to attend the funeral of his lifelong friend, and then he himself was seized with a deadly illness

His daughter was sent for, and when she came the sick man's longing desire was to get back to France. If he was to die, he wanted to die at home. "To die at home at last," is the prayer of every wanderer. Ary Scheffer's prayer was answered. He expired in the arms of his beloved daughter on June Fifteenth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, aged sixty-three years.



FRANCOIS MILLET

FRANCOIS MILLET

WHEN I meet a laborer on the edge of a field, I stop and look at the man: born amid the grain where he will be reaped, and turning up with his plow the ground of his tomb, mixing his burning sweat with the icy rain of Autumn. The furrow he has just turned is a monument that will outlive him. I have seen the pyramids of Egypt, and the forgotten furrows of our heather: both alike bear witness to the work of man and the shortness of his days.—Chateaubriand.

FRANCOIS MILLET

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET is to art what Wagner is to music, or what Whitman is to poetry. These men, one a Frenchman, another a German, the third an American, taught the same gospel at the same time, using different languages, and each quite unaware of the existence of the others. They were all revolutionaries; and success came so tardily to them that flattery did not taint their native genius.

"Great men never come singly," says Emerson

Richard Wagner was born in the year Eighteen Hundred Thirteen, Millet in Eighteen Hundred Fourteen, and Whitman in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen. "Tannhauser" was first produced in Eighteen Hundred Forty-five; the "Sower" was exhibited in Eighteen Hundred Fifty; and in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five "Leaves of Grass" appeared

The reception accorded to each masterpiece was about the same; and all would have fallen flat had it not been for the gibes and jeers and laughter which the work called forth.

Wagner was arrested for being an alleged rioter; Whitman was ejected from his clerkship and his book looked after by

the Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Millet was hooted by his fellow-students and dubbed the Wild-Man-of-the-Woods ❧ ❧

In a letter to Pelloquet, Millet says, "The creations that I depict must have the air of being native to their situation, so that no one looking on them shall imagine they are anything else than what they are."

In his first preface to "Leaves of Grass," Whitman writes: "The art of arts, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. * * * To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movement of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art."

Wagner wrote in an Essay on Art:

"The Greek, proceeding from the bosom of Nature, attained to Art when he had made himself independent of the immediate influences of Nature.

"We, violently debarred from Nature, and proceeding from the dull ground of a Heaven-rid and juristic civilization, first reach Art when we completely turn our backs on such a civilization, and once more cast ourselves, with conscious bent, into the arms of Nature."

¶ Men high in power deceived by the "lack of form," the innocent naivete as of childhood, the simple homeliness of expression, the absence of effort, declared again and again that Millet's work was not art, nor Wagner's "recurring theme" true music, nor Whitman's rhymeless lines poetry. The critics refused to recognize that which was not labored:

where no violence of direction was shown they saw no art. To follow close to Nature is to be considered rude by some —it indicates a lack of "culture."

Millet, Wagner and Whitman lived in the open air; with towns and cities they had small sympathy; they felt themselves no better and no wiser than common folks; they associated with working men and toiling women; they had no definite ideas as to who were "bad" and who "good."

¶ They are frank, primitive, simple. They are masculine—and in their actions you never get a trace of coyness, hesitancy, affectation or trifling coquetry. They have nothing to conceal: they look at you out of frank, open eyes. They know the pains of earth too well to dance nimbly through life and laugh the hours away. They are sober, serious, earnest, but not grim. Their faces are bronzed by sun and wind; their hands are not concealed by gloves; their shirts are open to the breast, as though they wanted room to breathe deeply and full; the boots they wear are coarse and thick-soled, as if the wearer had come from afar and yet had many long miles to go. But the two things that impress you most are: they are in no haste; and they are unafraid.

¶ All can approach such men as these. Possibly the smug and self-satisfied do not care to; but men in distress—those who are worn, or old, or misunderstood—children, outcasts, those far from home and who long to get back, silently slip weak hands in theirs and ask, "May we go your way?"

¶ Can you read "Captain, My Captain," or listen to the "Pilgrims' Chorus," or look upon "The Man With the Hoe" without tears? And so we will continue our little journey.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD relates that in one of the far-off islands of the South Sea, he found savages so untouched by civilization that they did not know enough to tell a lie.

It was somewhat such a savage as this with whom we have to deal.

He was nineteen years old, six feet high, weighed one hundred sixty pounds, and as he had never shaved, had a downy beard all over his face. His great shock of brown hair tumbled to his shoulders. His face was bronzed, his hands big and bony, and his dark gray eyes looked out of their calm depths straight into yours—eyes that did not blink, eyes of love and patience, eyes like the eyes of an animal that does not know enough to fear.

He was the son of a peasant, and the descendant of a long line of peasants, who lived on the coast of Normandy—plain, toiling peasants whose lives were deeply rooted into the rocky soil that gave them scanty sustenance. If they ever journeyed it was as sailors—going out with the tide—and if they did not come back it was only because those who go down to the sea in ships sometimes never do.

And now this first-born of the peasant flock was going to leave his native village of Gruchy.

He was clad in a new suit of clothes, spun, woven, cut and sewed by the hands of his grandmother.

He was going away, and his belongings were all packed in a sailor's canvas bag; but he was not going to sea.

Great had been the preparations for this journey.

The family was very poor: the father a day-laborer and

farmer; the mother worked in the fields, and as the children grew up they too worked in the fields; and after a high tide the whole family hurried to the seashore to gather up the "varech," and carry it home for fertilizer, so that the rocky hillside might next Summer laugh a harvest.

And while the father and the mother toiled in the fields, or gathered the varech, or fished for shrimps, the old grandmother looked after the children at home. The grandmother in such homes is the real mother of the flock: the mother who bore the children has no time to manifest mother-love; it is the grandmother who nurses the stone-bruises, picks out the slivers, kisses away the sorrows, gladdens young hearts by her simple stories, and rocks in her strong old arms the babe, as she croons and quavers a song of love and duty.

And so the old grandmother had seen "her baby" grow to a man, and with her own hands she had made his clothes, and all the savings of her years had been sewed into a belt and given to the boy.

And now he was going away.

He was going away—going because she and she alone had urged it. She had argued and pleaded, and when she won the village priest over to her side, and Father Lebrisseau in his turn had won several influential men—why, it must be!

¶ The boy could draw: he could draw so well that he some day would be a great artist—Langlois, the drawing-master at Cherbourg, ten miles away, said so.

What if they were only poor peasants and there never had been a painter in the family! There would be now. So the

priest had contributed from his own purse; and the Councilmen of Cherbourg had promised to help; and the grandmother had some silver of her own.

Jean Francois Millet was going to Paris to study to be an artist

Tears rained down the wrinkled, leathery cheeks of the old grandmother; the mother stood by dazed and dumb, nursing a six-month-old babe; children of various ages hung to the skirts of mother and grandmother, tearful and mystified; the father leaned on the gate, smoking a pipe, displaying a stolidity he did not feel.

The diligence swung around the corner and came rattling down the single, stony, narrow street of the little village. The driver hardly deigned to stop for such common folks as these; but the grandmother waved her apron, and then, as if jealous of a service some one else might render, she seized one end of the canvas bag and helped the brown young man pass it up to the top of the diligence. Jean Francois climbed up after, carrying a little prayer-book that had been thrust into his hands—a final parting gift of the grandmother

The driver cracked his whip and away they went.

As the diligence passed the rectory, Father Lebrisseau came out and held up a crucifix; the young man took off his cap and bowed his head.

The group of watchers moved out into the roadway. They strained their eyes in the direction of the receding vehicle.

AFTER a three days' ride, Jean Francois was in Paris. The early Winter night was settling down, and the air was full of fog and sleet.

The young man was sore from the long jolting. His bones ached, and the damp and cold had hunted out every part of his sturdy frame.

The crowds that surged through the street hurrying for home and fireside after the day's work were impatient.

"Don't block the way, Johnny Crapaud!" called a girl with a shawl over her head; and with the combined shove and push of those behind, the sabot-shod young man was shouldered into the street.

There he stood dazed and bereft, with the sailor's bag on his back

"Where do you wish to go?" asked a gendarme, not unkindly

"Back to Gruchy," came the answer.

And the young man went into the diligence office and asked when the next stage started.

It did not go until the following morning. He would have to stay somewhere all night.

The policeman outside the door directed him to a modest tavern

Next morning things looked a little better. The sun had come out and the air was crisp. The crowds in the street did not look quite so cold and mean.

After hunger had been satisfied, "Johnny Crapaud" concluded to stay long enough to catch a glimpse of the Louvre, that marvel of marvels! The Louvre had been glowingly

described to him by his old drawing-master at Cherbourg. Visions of the Louvre had been in his mind for weeks and months, and now his hopes were soon to be realized. In an hour perhaps he would stand and look upon a canvas painted by Rubens, the immortal Rubens!

His enthusiasm grew warm.

The girl who had served him with coffee stood near and was looking at him with a sort of silent admiration, such as she might bestow upon a curious animal.

He looked up; their eyes met.

"Is it true—is it true that there are pictures by Rubens in the Louvre?" asked the young man.

The oddity of the question from such a being and the queer Normandy accent amused the girl, and she burst out laughing. She did not answer the question, but going over to a man seated at another table whispered to him. Then they both looked at the queer youth and laughed.

The young countryman did not know what they were laughing at—probably they did not, either—but he flushed scarlet, and soon made his way out into the street, his luggage on his back. He wanted to go to the Louvre, but dare not ask the way—he did not care to be laughed at.

And so he wandered forth.

The shops were very marvelous, and now and again he lingered long before some window where colored prints and paintings were displayed. He wondered if the places were artists' studios; and at one place as he looked at a series of sketches the thought came to him that he himself could do better.

This gave him courage, and stepping inside the door he set down his bag and told the astonished shopkeeper that the pictures in the window were very bad—he could paint better ones—would the proprietor not hire him to paint pictures? He would work cheap, and labor faithfully.

He was hastily hustled out into the street—to harbor lunatics was dangerous.

So he trudged on—looking for the Louvre.

Night came and the search was without reward.

Seeing a sign of "Apartments for single gentlemen," he applied and was shown a modest room that seemed within his means. The landlady was very kind; in fact, she knew people at Gruchy and had often been to Cherbourg—her uncle lived there.

Jean Francois felt relieved to find that even in busy, bustling, frivolous Paris there were friendly people; and when the kind lady suggested that pickpockets in the streets were numerous, and that he had better give his money over to her for safekeeping, he handed out his store of three hundred francs without question.

He never saw his money again.

The next day he still sought the Louvre—not caring to reveal his ignorance by asking the way.

It was several days before Fate led him along the Seine and he found himself on the Pont Neuf. The palace stretching out before him had a familiar look. He stopped and stared. There were the palaces where history had been made. He knew the Tuileries and he knew the Louvre—he had seen pictures of both.

He walked out across the Place de la Concorde, and seeing others enter, made his way through the gates of the sacred precinct

He was in the Palace of the Louvre; he had found the way, unaided and alone.

His deep religious nature was moved, and taking off his cap he crossed himself in a silent prayer of gratitude.

What his sensations were he partially pictured to his friend Sensier thirty years after: "It seemed as though I had at last attained, achieved. My feelings were too great for words, and I closed my eyes, lest I be dazzled by the sight and then dare not open them lest I should find it all a dream. And if I ever reach Paradise I know my joy will be no greater than it was that first morning when I realized that I stood within the Louvre Palace."

For a week Millet visited the Louvre every day.

When the doors were unlocked each morning he was waiting on the steps; and he did not leave in the afternoon until the attendant warned him it was time to go.

He lingered long before the "Raffaellos" and stood in the "Rubens Gallery" dumb with wonder and admiration

There were various people copying pictures here and there. He watched them furtively, and after seeing one young man working at an easel in a certain place for a week, he approached and talked with him.

Jean Francois told his history and the young man listened patiently. He advised that it would be foolish to go back to Gruchy at once. The youth should go to some master and show what he could do—remain and study for a little while

at least; in fact, he himself would take him to Delaroche. Things looked brighter; and arrangements were made to meet on the morrow and go interview the master.

Delaroche was found and proved kindly. He examined the two sketches that Jean Francois submitted, asked a few questions, and graciously led the new applicant into the atelier, where a score of young men were sketching, and set him to work. ¶ The letter written by Jean to the good old grandmother that night hinted at great plans for the future, and told of love, and of hope that was dauntless.

JEAN FRANCOIS spent twelve years in Paris—years of biting poverty and grim endurance: the sport and prey of Fate: the butt and byword of the fashionable, artistic world.

Jean Francois did not belong in Paris: how can robins build nests in omnibuses?

He was at war with his environment; and the stern Puritan bias of his nature refused to conform to the free and easy ways of the gay metropolis. He sighed for a sight of the sea, and longed for the fields and homely companionship that Normandy held in store.

So we find him renouncing Paris life and going back to his own

The grandmother greeted him as one who had won, but his father and mother, and he, himself, called it failure.

He started to work in the fields and fell fainting to the earth.

¶ "He has been starved," said the village doctor. But when hunger had been appeased and strength came back, ambition, too, returned.

He would be an artist yet.

A commission for a group of family portraits came from a rich family at Cherbourg. Gladly he hastened thence to do the work.

While in Cherbourg he found lodgings in the household of a widow who had a daughter. The widow courted the fine young painter-man—courted him for the daughter.

The daughter married him. A strong, simple man, unversed in the sophistry of society, loves the first woman he meets, provided, of course, she shows toward him a bit of soft,

feminine sympathy. This accounts for the ease with which very young men so often fall in love with middle-aged women. The woman does the courting; the man idealizes, and endows the woman with all the virtues his imagination can conjure forth. Love is a matter of propinquity.

The wife of Jean Francois was neutral salts. She desired, no doubt, to do what was right and best, but she had no insight into her husband's needs, and was incapable of guessing his latent genius.

As for the new wife's mother and kinsmen, they regarded Jean Francois as simply lazy, and thought to crowd him into useful industry. He could paint houses or wagons, and, then, did n't the shipyard folks employ painters?

Well, I guess so. ¶ Jean Francois still dreamed of art ❧ He longed to express himself—to picture on canvas the emotions that surged through his soul.

Disillusionment had come, and he now saw that his wife was his mate only because the Church and State said so. But his sense of duty was firm, and the thought of leaving her behind never came to him.

The portraits were painted—the money in his pocket; and to escape the importunities and jeers of his wife's relatives he decided to try Paris once more.

The wife was willing. Paris was the gateway to pleasure and ambition.

But the gaiety of Paris was not for her. On a scanty allowance of bread one can not be so very gay—and often there was no fuel ❧ ❧

Jean Francois copied pictures in the Louvre and hawked

them among the dealers, selling for anything that was offered.

¶ Delaroche sent for him. "Why do you no longer come to my atelier? " said the master.

"I have no money to pay tuition," was the answer.

"Never mind; I 'll be honored to have you work here."

So Jean Francois worked with the students of Delaroche; and a few respected his work and tried to help market his wares. But connoisseurs shook their heads, and dealers smiled at "the eccentricities of genius," and bought only conventional copies of masterpieces or studies of the nude.

¶ Meantime the way did not open, and Paris was far from being the place the wife supposed. She would have gone back to Cherbourg, but there was no money to send her, and pride prevented her from writing the truth to her friends at home.

She prayed for death, and death came. The students at Delaroche's contributed to meet the expenses of her funeral. Jean Francois still struggled on.

Delaroche and others declared his work was great, but how could they make people buy it?

A time of peculiar pinching hardship came, and Jean Francois again bade Paris adieu and made his way back to Gruchy. There he could work in the fields, gather varech on the seashore, and possibly paint portraits now and then —just for amusement.

And thus he would live out the measure of his days.

The visit of Jean Francois to his boyhood's home proved a repetition of the first.

Another woman married him.

Catherine Lemaire was not a brilliant woman, but she had a profound belief in her husband's genius.

Possibly she did not understand him when he talked his best, but she made a brave show of listening, and did not cross him with any little whimsical philosophies of her own. ¶ She was sturdy and strong of heart; privation was nothing to her; she could endure all that Jean Francois could, and count it a joy to be with him.

She was the consoler, not he; and when the mocking indifference of the world passed the work of Jean Francois by, she said, "Who cares, so long as we know 't is good?" and measured the stocking on her nose and made merry music with the flying needles.

Soon the truth forced itself on Jean Francois and Catherine that no man is thought much of by his kinsmen and boyhood acquaintances. No one at Gruchy believed in the genius of Jean Francois—no one but the old grandmother, who daily hobbled to mass and prayed the Blessed Virgin not to forget her boy. Jean Francois and his wife studied the matter out and talked it over at length, and they decided that to stay in Gruchy would be to forfeit all hope of winning fame and fortune. ¶ Gruchy held nothing for them; possibly Paris did.

And anyway, to go down in a struggle for better things was not so ignominious an end as to allow one's powers to rust out, held back only through fear of failure.

They started for Paris.

Yes, Paris remembered Jean Francois. How could Paris forget him—he was so preposterous and his work so impossible! ¶ It was still a struggle for bread.

Marriages and births have a fixed relation to the price of corn, the sociologists say. Perhaps they are right; but not in this case

The babies came along with the years, and all brought love with them.

The devotion of Jean Francois to his wife and children had a deep, sober, religious quality, such as we associate with Abraham and Jacob and the other patriarchs of old.

The heart of Millet was often wrung by the thought of the privation and hardships his wife and children had to undergo. He blamed himself for their lack of creature comforts, and the salt tears rained down his beard when he had to go home and report that he had tramped the streets all day with a picture under his arm, looking for a buyer, but no buyer could be found.

But all this time the old grandmother up in Normandy waited and watched for news from her boy.

Now and again during the years she saw his name mentioned in connection with the Salon; and once she heard a medal had been granted him, and at another time an "Honorable Mention."

Her heart throbbed in pride and she wrote congratulations, and thanked the good God for answering her prayers. Little did she know of the times when bread was cut in tiny bits and parceled out to each hungry mouth, or the days when there was no fuel and the children kept to their beds to prevent freezing.

But the few friends of Jean Francois who had forced the "Honorable Mention" and secured the medal, now got

something more tangible; they induced the Government Director of Fine Arts to order from Jean Francois Millet a picture for which the artist was to receive two thousand francs; two hundred francs were paid on account and the balance was to be paid on delivery of the picture.

Jean Francois hurried home with the order in his trembling fingers. Catherine read the order with misty eyes. She was not unduly elated—she knew that success must come some time. And husband and wife then and there decided that when the eighteen hundred francs were paid over to them they would move out of Paris.

They would make a home in the country. People do without things in the country, but they do not starve. You can raise vegetables, and even though the garden be small and the folks poor, God is good and the sunshine and showers come and things grow. And for fuel one can gather fagots if they are near a wood.

They would go to Barbizon—Barbizon, that tiny village on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Several artists who had been there in the Summer sketching had told them of it.

The city was gradually smothering Jean Francois. He prayed for a sight of the great open stretches of pasture, and green woods and winding river.

And now it was all so near.

He set to work feverishly to paint the great picture that was to bring deliverance.

At last the picture was done and sent to the Director's.

Days of anxious waiting followed.

The picture was accepted and paid for.

Jean Francois and Catherine cried and laughed for joy, as they tumbled their belongings into bags and bundles. The grocer who had trusted them took some of their furniture for pay, and a baker and a shoemaker compromised by accepting a picture apiece.

They were going to Barbizon—going to the country—going to freedom!

And so the father and the mother and the queer-looking, yellow children were perched on the top of the diligence with their bundles, bound for Barbizon. They looked into each other's faces and their joy was too great for speech.

LIVING at the village of Barbizon, or near it, were Theodore Rousseau, Hughes Martin, Louis LeRoy and Clerge.

These men were artists, and their peasant neighbors recognized them as separate and apart from themselves. They were Summer boarders. But Millet was a peasant in thought and feeling and sympathy, and mingled with the people on an absolute equality. He was peasant—and more than peasant; for the majesty of the woods, the broken rocks, the sublime stretches of meadow-lands with their sights, odors and colors intoxicated him with their beauty. He felt as if he had never before looked upon God's beautiful world. ¶ And yet Paris was only a day's journey away! There he could find a market for his work. To be near a great city is a satisfaction to every intellectual worker, but, if he is wise, his visits to the city are far apart. All he needs is the thought that he can go if he chooses.

Millet was thirty-four years of age when he reached Barbizon. There he was to remain for the remaining twenty-seven years of his life—to live in the one house—years of toil, and not lacking in poverty, pain and anxiety, but years of freedom, for he worked as he wished and called no man master

It is quite the custom to paint the life of Millet at Barbizon as one of misery and black unrest; but those who do this are the people who read pain into his pictures: they do not comprehend the simplicity and sublimity and quiet joy that were possible in this man's nature, and in the nature of the people he pictured.

From the time he reached Barbizon there came into his work a largeness, a majesty and an elevation that is unique in the history of art. Millet's heart went out to humanity —the humanity that springs from the soil, lives out its day, and returns to earth. His pictures form an epic of country life, as he tells of its pains, its anxieties, its privations—yes, of its peace and abiding faith, and the joy and health and strength that come to those who live near to Nature's heart.

¶ Walt Whitman catalogues the workers and toilers, and lists their occupations in pages that will live; Millet shows us wood-gatherers, charcoal-burners, shepherds, gleaners, washerwomen, diggers, quarrymen, road laborers, men at the plow, and women at the loom. Then he shows the noon-hour, the moments of devotion, the joys of motherhood, the silent pride of the father, the love of brother and sister and of husband and wife. And again in the dusk of a Winter night we see black-lined against the sky the bent figure of an old woman, bearing her burden of fagots; and again we are shown the plain, homely interior of a cottage where the family watches by the bedside of a dying child.

And always the picture is not quite complete—the faces are never distinct—no expression of feature is there, but the soul worked up into the canvas conveys its silent message to all those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel.

Only a love and sympathy as wide as the world could have produced the "Gleaners," the "Sower" and the "Angelus."

¶ Millet was what he was on account of what he had endured. All art is at last autobiography.

The laborer's cottage that he took at Barbizon had but

three small, low rooms. These served as studio, kitchen and bedchamber. When the family had increased to eleven, other rooms were added, and the studio was transferred to the barn, there at the end of the garden.

Millet had two occupations, and two recreations, he once said. In the mornings he worked in his garden, digging, sowing, planting, reaping. In the afternoons he painted—painted until the sun got too low to afford the necessary light; then he went for his daily solitary walk through the woods and fields, coming back at dark. After supper he helped his wife with the housework, put the children to bed, and then sat and read until the clock struck midnight.

¶ This was his simple life. Very slowly, recognition came that way. Theodore Rousseau, himself a great artist, and a man too great for jealousy, spread his fame, and the faithful Sensier in Paris lost no opportunity to aid his friend by the use of a commercial shrewdness in which Millet was wofully lacking ✍ ✍

Then came Corot, Daubigny, Diaz and others of giant stature, to Barbizon, and when they went back to Paris they told of Millet and his work. And then we find Meissonier, the proud, knocking at the gate of Le Grand Rustique.

It is pleasant to recall that Americans were among the first to recognize the value of Millet's art. His "Sower" is the chief gem of the Vanderbilt collection; and the "Angelus" has been thought much more of in France since America so unreservedly set her seal upon it.

Millet died in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five.

It was only during the last ten years of his life that he felt

financially free, and even then he was far from passing rich. After his death his fame increased, and pictures he had sold for twenty dollars, soon changed hands for as many hundred.

¶ Englishmen say that America grew Millet-mad, and it may be true that our admiration tipped a bit to t' other side; yet the fabulous prices were not always paid by Americans—the rich men of earth vied with each other for the possession of a "Millet."

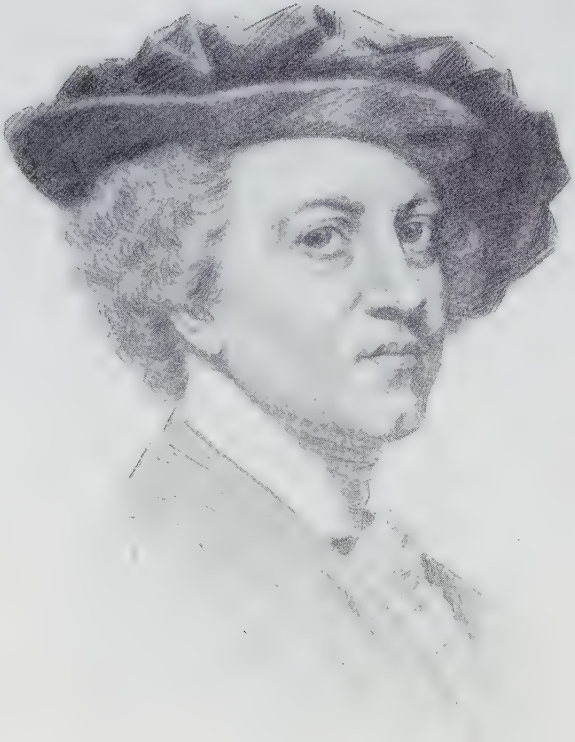
The "Gleaners" was bought by the French Government for three hundred thousand francs, and is now in the Louvre "in perpetuity." This sum paid for this one picture represents a larger amount of money than passed through the hands of Millet during his entire life; and yet it is not one-half what another "Millet" brought. The "Angelus" was sold for the sum of eight hundred thousand francs—a larger amount than was ever before paid for a single canvas.

It is idle to say that no picture is worth such a sum. Anything is worth what some one else will pay for it.

The number of "Millets," it may be explained, is limited, and with men in America who have incomes of ten million dollars or more a year, no sane man dare prophesy what price the "Sower" may yet command.

Millet himself, were he here, would be aghast at the prices paid for his work, and he would turn, too, with disfavor from the lavish adulation bestowed upon his name.

This homely, simple artist was a profound thinker; a sympathetic dreamer; a noble-hearted, generous man; so truthful and lovable that his virtues have been counted a weakness; and so they are—for the planet Earth.



JOSHUA REYNOLDS

JOSHUA REYNOLDS

TO make it people's interest to advance you, by showing that their business will be better done by you than by any other person, is the only solid foundation of success; the rest is accident.—Reynolds to His Nephew.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS

IN the curious little river Plym, five miles from Plymouth, is the hamlet of Plympton. It is getting on towards two hundred years since Joshua Reynolds was born there. The place has not changed so very much with the centuries: there still stand the quaint stone houses, built on arches over the sidewalk, and there, too, is the old Norman church with its high mullioned windows. Chester shows the best example of that very early architecture, and Plympton is Chester done in pigmy.

The birthplace of Reynolds is one of these houses in the "Row"; a greengrocer now has the lower floor of the house for his shop, while his numerous family live upstairs.

The Reverend Samuel Reynolds also had a numerous family—there being eleven children—so the present occupation is a realistic restoration of a previous condition. ¶ The grocer has a leaning toward art, for his walls are well papered with chromos and posters; and as he sold a cabbage to a good housewife he nipped off a lea for a pen of rabbits that stood in the doorway, and talked to me glibly of Reynold and Gainsborough. The grocer considers Gainsborough the greater artist, and surely his

fame is wide, like unto the hat—hated by theatergoers—that his name has rendered deathless, and which certain unkind ones declare has given him immortality.

Joshua was the seventh child in the brood of five boys and six girls. The fond parents set him apart for the Church, and to that end he was placed in the Plympton Grammar-School, and made to "do" fifty lines of Ovid a day.

The old belief that to translate Latin with facility was the true test of genius has fallen somewhat into desuetude, yet there are a few who still hold to the idea that to reason, imagine and invent are not the tests of a man's powers; he must conjugate, decline and derive ✍ But Grant Allen, possessor of three college degrees, avers that a man may not even be able to read and write and yet have a very firm mental grasp on the eternal verities.

Anyway, Joshua Reynolds did not like Latin. He hated the set task of fifty lines, and hated the system that imposed a fine of twenty lines for a failure to fulfil the first.

The fines piled up until young Joshua, aged twelve, goin' on thirteen, went into such hopeless bankruptcy that he could not pay tuppence on the pound

We have a sheet of this Latin done at that time, in a cramped, schoolboy hand, starting very bold and plain, and running off into a tired blot and scrawl. On the bottom of the page is a picture, and under this is a line written by the father: "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness." The Reverend Samuel had no idea that his own name would live in history simply because he was the father of this idle boy ✍ ✍

Still, the clergyman showed that he was a man of good sense, for he acceded to the lad's request to let the Latin slide. This conclusion no doubt was the easier arrived at after the master of the school had explained that the proper education of such a youth was quite hopeless.

All the Reynolds children drew pictures and most of them drew better than Joshua. But Joshua did not get along well at school, and so he felt the necessity of doing something ❧ It is a great blessing to be born into a family where strict economy of time and money is necessary. The idea that nothing shall be wasted, and that each child must carve out for himself a career, is a thrice-blessed heritage.

Rich parents are an awful handicap to youth, and few indeed there be who have the strength to stand prosperity; especially is this true when prosperity is not achieved, but thrust upon them ❧ ❧

Joshua got hold of a copy of Richardson's "Theory of Painting," and found therein that the author prophesied the rise of a great school of English painters.

Joshua thought about it, talked with his brothers and sisters about it, and surprised his mother by asking her if she knew that there was soon to be a distinct school of British Art.

About this time there came to the village a strolling artist by the name of Warmell. This man opened up a studio on the porch of the tavern and offered to make your picture while you wait. He did a thriving business in silhouettes, and patrons who were in a hurry could have their profiles cut out of black paper with shears and pasted on a white background in a jiffy—price, sixpence.

Joshua struck up quite a friendship with this man and was taught all the tricks of the trade—even to the warning that in drawing the portrait of a homely man it is not good policy to make a really homely picture.

The best-paying pewholder in the Reverend Samuel Reynolds' church was a Mr. Craunch, whose picture had been made by the joint efforts of the strolling artist Warmell and young Reynolds. 'T was a very beautiful picture, although it is not on record that Mr. Craunch was a handsome man.

Warmell refused to take pay for Craunch's picture, claiming that he felt it was pay enough to have the honor of such a great man sitting to him. This remark proved to Craunch that Warmell was a discerning person and they were very soon on intimate terms of friendship. Mr. Craunch gave Mr. Warmell orders to paint pictures of the Craunch family.

One day Warmell called the great man's attention to the fact that young Reynolds, his volunteer assistant, had ambitions in an art way that could not be gratified unless some great and good man stepped in and played the part of a Mæcenas.

In fact, Joshua wanted to go to London and study with Hudson, the son-in-law and pupil of Richardson, the eminent author who wrote the "Theory of Painting." Warmell felt sure that after a few months, with his help, young Reynolds could get the technique and the color-scheme, and a' that, and the firm of Warmell and Reynolds could open a studio in Plymouth or Portsmouth and secure many good orders.

¶ Craunch listened with patience and advised with the boy's parents

The next week he took the lad up to London and entered him as a pupil with the great Hudson, who could not paint much of a picture himself, but for a consideration was willing to show others how.

Rumor has it that Warmell got a certain sum in English gold for all pupils he sent to Hudson's studio, but I take no stock in such insinuations.

Warmell here disappears from mortal view, like one of those stage trapdoor vanishings of Mephisto—only Mephisto usually comes back, but Warmell never did.

Reynolds was very happy at Hudson's studio. He was only seventeen years old when he arrived there, fresh from the country. London was a marvel of delight to Joshua; the shops, theaters, galleries and exhibitions were a never-ending source of joy. He worked with diligence, and probably got more for his money than any one of Hudson's fifty pupils. Hudson was well-to-do, dignified and kind. His place was full of casts and classic fragments, and when he had set his pupils to copying these he considered his day's work done.

¶ Joshua wrote glowing letters home, telling of all he did. "While I am at work I am the happiest creature alive," he said. Hudson set Joshua to copying Guercino's works, and kept the lad at it so steadily that he was really never able to draw from Nature correctly thereafter.

After a year, Craunch came up from the country to see how his ward was getting along. Joshua showed him the lions of the city; and painted his picture, making so fine a portrait that when Mr. Craunch got back home he threw away the one made by Warmell.

Once at an exhibition Joshua met Alexander Pope, whom he had seen several times at Hudson's studio. Pope remembered him and shook hands. Joshua was so inflated by the honor that he hastened home to write a letter to his mother and tell her all about it.

According to the terms of agreement with Hudson, Joshua was bound to stay four years; but now two years had passed, and one fine day in sudden wrath Hudson told him to pack up his kit and go.

The trouble was that Joshua could paint better than Hudson —every pupil in the school knew it. When the scholars wanted advice they went to Reynolds, and some of them, being sons of rich men, paid Reynolds for helping them.

Then Reynolds had painted a few portraits on his own account and had kept the money, as he had a perfect right to do. Hudson said he had n't, for he was bound as an apprentice to him.

"But only during working-hours," replied young Reynolds.

We can hardly blame Hudson for sending him away—no master wants a pupil around who sees all over, above and beyond him, and who can do better work than he. It 's confusing, and tends to rob the master of the deification that is his due.

Reynolds had remained long enough—it was time for him to go ❧ ❧

He went back to Devonshire, and Craunch, the biggest man in Plympton, took him over to Lord Edgcumbe, the biggest man in Plymouth.

Craunch carried along the portrait of himself that Joshua

had made, and asked milord if he did n't want one just like it. Edgcumbe said he surely did, and asked Joshua if he painted the picture all alone by himself.

Joshua smiled.

Lord Edgcumbe had a beautiful house, and to have a good picture of himself, and a few choice old ancestors on the walls, he thought would be very fine.

Joshua took up his abode in the Edgcumbe mansion, the better to do his work.

He was a handsome youth, nearly twenty years old, with bright, beaming eyes, a slight but compact form, and brown curls that came to his shoulders. His London life had given him a confidence in himself, and in his manner there was a grace and poise flavored with a becoming diffidence.

A man who can do things well should assume a modesty, even if he has it not. If you can write well, do not talk—leave that to the man who can do nothing else. If you can paint, let your work speak for you.

Joshua Reynolds was young, but he was an artist in diplomacy. His talent, his modesty, his youth, his beauty, won the hearts of the entire Edgcumbe household.

He painted portraits of all the family; and of course all the visitors were called upon to admire, not only the pictures, but the painter as well.

A studio was opened in one of Lord Edgcumbe's buildings at Plymouth, and he painted portraits of all the great folks thereabout ✍ ✍

On Christmas-Day Seventeen Hundred Forty-six, the Reverend Samuel Reynolds died, but before his death he

fully realized that one of his children was well on the way to fame and fortune.

The care of the broken family now devolved on Joshua, but his income was several times as much as his father had ever earned, and his responsibilities were carried lightly.

While at the house of Lord Edgcumbe, Reynolds had met young Commodore Keppel. In Seventeen Hundred Forty-nine, Keppel was placed in command of the Mediterranean fleet, with orders to clear the seas of the Barbary pirates. Keppel invited Reynolds to join him on board the "Centurion" as his guest.

Gladly he accepted, and they sailed away for the Orient with a cabin stocked with good things, and enough brushes, paints, canvases and easels to last several painters a lifetime.

IT was three years before Reynolds came back to Plymouth. He had visited Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Port Mahon and Minorca. At the two last-named places there were British garrisons, and Reynolds set to work making portraits of the officers. For this he was so well paid that he decided to visit Italy instead of voyaging farther with his friend Keppel.

He then journeyed on to Naples, Rome, Venice, Pisa and Florence, stopping in each city for several months, immersing himself in the art atmosphere of the place. Returning to Rome, he remained there two years, studying and copying the works of Raphael, Angelo, Titian and other masters. ¶ Occasionally, he sold his copies of masterpieces, and by practising strict economy managed to live in a fair degree of comfort.

Rome is the hottest place in Summer and the coldest in Winter of which I know. The average Italian house has a damp and chill in Winter which clutches the tourist and makes him long for home and native land. Imagine a New England farmhouse in March with only a small dish-pan of coals to warm it, and you have Rome in Winter.

Rome, with its fever in Summer and rheumatism and pneumonia in Winter, has sent many an artist to limbus. Joshua Reynolds escaped the damp of the Vatican with nothing worse than a deafness that caused him to carry an ear-trumpet for the rest of his life.

But now he was back at Plymouth. Lord Edgcumbe looked over the work he had brought and called into the ear-trumpet that a man who could paint like that was a fool to

remain in a country town: he should go to London and vanquish all such alleged artists as Hudson.

Keppel had gotten back to England, and he and Edgcumbe had arranged that Reynolds should pitch his tent in the heart of artistic London. So a handsome suite of apartments was secured in Saint Martin's Lane.

The first work undertaken seems to have been that full-length portrait of Commodore Keppel. The picture shows the Commodore standing on a rocky shore, issuing orders to unseen hosts ❧ There is an energy, dash and heroism pictured in the work that at once caught the eye of the public ❧ ❧

"Have you seen Keppel's portrait?" asked Edgcumbe of every one he met.

Invitations were sent out to call at Joshua Reynolds' studio and see "Keppel." There were a good many pictures displayed there, but "Keppel" was placed in a small room, set apart, rightly focused, properly draped, and lighted only by candles, that stood in silver candlesticks, and which were solemnly snuffed by a detailed marine, six foot three, in a red coat, with a formidable hanger at his side. Only a few persons were admitted at a time and on entering the room all you saw was the valiant form of the doughty Commodore, the sea-mist in his face and the wild winds blowing his locks. The big marine on guard in the shadow added the last realistic touch, and the gentlemen visitors removed their hats and the ladies talked in whispers—they all expected Keppel to speak, and they wished to hear what he would say ❧ ❧

It is a great thing to paint a beautiful picture, but 't is a more difficult feat to hypnotize the public into accepting the fact

The live Keppel was pointed out on the street as the man who had had his picture taken.

Now, people do not have portraits painted simply because they want portraits painted: they want these portraits shown and admired.

To have Reynolds paint your portrait might prove a repetition of the Keppel—who knows!

Sitters came and a secretary in livery took their names and made appointments, as is done today in the office of a prosperous dentist.

Joshua Reynolds was young and strong, and he worked while it was called the day. He worked from sunrise until sunset

That first year in London he produced one hundred twenty portraits, besides painting various other pictures. This he could not have done without the assistance of a most loyal helper

This helper was Giuseppe Marchi.

There are a half-dozen biographies of Reynolds, and from Boswell, Walpole and Burney, Gossips in Ordinary, we have vivid glimpses into his life and habits. Then we have his own journal, and hundreds of letters; but nowhere do we get a frank statement of the assistance rendered him by Giuseppe Marchi.

When Reynolds was in Rome, aged twenty-one, he fell in with a tatterdemalion, who proffered his service as guide.

Rome is full of such specimens, and the type is one that has not changed in five hundred years.

Reynolds tossed the lad a copper, and the ragged one showed his fine white teeth in a gladsome grin and proffered information. He clung to the visitor all that afternoon, and the next morning when Reynolds started out with his sketching-outfit, the youngster was sitting on his doorstep. So they fared forth, Giuseppe carrying the kit.

Reynolds knew but little Italian—the boy taught him more. The boy knew every corner of Rome, and was deep in the history of the Eternal City—all he knew was Rome.

Joshua taught the youngster to sketch, and after the first few days there in Rome, Joshua rigged Giuseppe up an easel, and where went Joshua there also went Giuseppe.

Joshua got a bit ashamed of his partner's attire and bought him better raiment.

When Reynolds left Rome on his homeward march, there, too, tagged the faithful Giuseppe.

After several months they reached Lyons, and Joshua counted his money. There was only enough to pay his fare by the diligence to Paris, with a few francs over for food. He told Giuseppe that he could not take him farther, and emptying his pockets of all his coppers, and giving him his best silk handkerchief and a sketching-outfit, they cried down each other's backs, kissed each other on both cheeks in the Italian fashion, and parted.

It took eight days to reach Paris by the diligence, and Joshua only got through by stopping one day and bartering a picture for sundry loaves of necessary bread.

But he had friends in Paris, influential friends. And when he reached the home of these influential friends, there on the curbstone sat Giuseppe, awaiting his coming, with the silk handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck!

Giuseppe had thrown away the painting-kit and walked the three hundred miles in eight days, begging or stealing by the way the food he needed.

When Joshua Reynolds opened his studio in Saint Martin's Lane, his faithful helper was Giuseppe Marchi. Giuseppe painted just as Joshua did, and just as well.

When sitters came, Giuseppe was only a valet: he cleaned the brushes, polished the knives, ran for water and hovered near to do his master's bidding. He was the only person allowed in the model-room, and all the time he was there his keen eyes made a correct and proper estimate of the sitter. Listening to no conversation, seeing nothing, he yet heard everything and nothing escaped his glance.

When the sitting, which occupied exactly an hour, was over, Giuseppe took the picture into another room and filled in the background and drapery just as he knew it should be.

¶ "Marchi does not sign and date the portraits, but he does all the rest," said Garrick. And "Little Burney," treading on thinner ice, once remarked, "If Sir Joshua ever embraces a fair sitter and imprints upon her forehead a chaste kiss, I am sure that Giuseppe Marchi will never tell."

It is too late to accuse Sir Joshua Reynolds of ingratitude towards Giuseppe; he was grateful, and once referred to Marchi as "an angel sent from God to help me do my work." But he paid Marchi valet's wages and treated him like a

servant. Possibly this was the part of expedience, for had Marchi ever gotten it into his head that he could paint as well as Sir Joshua he would have been worthless as a helper. ¶ For forty years they were never separated.

Cotton disposes of Giuseppe Marchi by saying, "He was a clever colorist, but incapable of doing independent work." Cotton might, however, have told the whole simple truth, and that was that Marchi was hands, feet, eyes and ears for his master—certain it is that without his help Sir Joshua could never have attained the fame and fortune he did.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS showed good judgment in selecting his time for a career. He went into public favor on a high tide. England was prosperous, and there was in the air a taste for the polite arts. Literature was becoming a fad.

Within a short time there had appeared Gray's "Elegy," Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," Fielding's "Amelia" and Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." Here was menu to fit most palates, and the bill-of-fare was duly discussed in all social gatherings of the upper circles. The afflicted ones fed on Gray; the repentant quoted Richardson; while Smollett and Fielding were read aloud in parlor gatherings where fair ladies threatened to leave the room—but did n't. Out at Strawberry Hill, his country home, Horace Walpole was running that little printing-shop, making books that are now priceless, and writing long, gossipy letters that body forth the spirit of the time, its form and pressure. The Dilettante Society, composed of young noblemen devoted to high art and good-fellowship, was discussing a scheme for a National Academy. Garrick was at the height of his fame; Hogarth was doing for art what Smollett did for literature; while two young Irishmen, Burke and Goldsmith, were getting ready to make English letters illustrious; Hudson was painting portraits with a stencil; Gainsborough was immortalizing a hat; Doctor Johnson was waiting in the entry of Lord Chesterfield's mansion with the prospectus of a dictionary; and pretty Kitty Fisher had kicked the hat off the head of the Prince of Wales on a wager.

And so into this atmosphere of seething life came Joshua

Reynolds, the handsome, gracious, silent, diplomatic Reynolds. Fresh from Italy and the far-off islands of the Southern seas where Ulysses sailed, he came—his name and fame heralded as the Raphael of England.

To have your portrait painted by Reynolds was considered a proper "entree" into the "bon ton." To attempt to give the names of royalty who sat to him would be to present a transcript of Burke's Peerage.

Unlike Van Dyck, at whose shrine Reynolds worshiped, Reynolds was coldly diplomatic in his relations with his sitters. He talked but little, because he could not hear, and to hold an ear-trumpet and paint with both hands is rather difficult. On the moment when the sitting was over, the patron was bowed out. The good ladies who lay in wait with love's lariat never found an opportunity to make the throw

Reynolds' specialty was women and children. No man has ever pictured them better, and with him all women were kind. Not only were they good, but good-looking; and when arms lacked contour, or busts departed from the ideal, Kitty Fisher or Nelly O'Brien came at the call of Marchi and lent their charms to complete the canvas.

Reynolds gradually raised his prices until he received fifteen guineas for a head, one hundred for a half-length, and one hundred and fifty for a full-length. And so rapidly did he work that often a picture was completed in four hours.

Usually, success is a zigzag journey, but it was not so with Reynolds. From Seventeen Hundred Fifty-seven to Seventeen Hundred Eighty-eight, his income was never less than

thirty thousand dollars a year, and his popularity knew no eclipse ❧ ❧

About the time the American Stamp Act was being pushed through Parliament, Reynolds' studio was the neutral stamping-ground for both parties.

Copley, the Boston artist, gave Reynolds a bias in favor of truth; and when Townshend, the man who introduced the Stamp Act in Parliament, sat to Sir Joshua, the artist and sitter forgot their business and wrangled over politics. Soon afterward Sir Joshua made a bet with Townshend, a thousand pounds against five, that George Washington would never enter Reynolds' studio. This was in response to the boast that Washington would soon be brought to England a captive, and Townshend would conduct him to Reynolds to have his picture taken.

The bet made a sensation and Reynolds offered to repeat it to all comers; and a score or more of sincere men paid over five pounds into the hands of Sir Joshua, and took his note for one thousand pounds, payable when Washington landed in England a prisoner.

Old Ursa Major had small patience with Reynolds' political prophecies; he called America a land of pirates and half-breed cutthroats, and would have bet Sir Joshua to a stand-still—only he had conscientious scruples about betting, and besides, had n't any money.

Goldsmith and Burke, of course, sided with Reynolds in his American sympathies, and Garrick referred to them as "My friends, the three Irish Gentlemen."

A frequent visitor at the studio at this time was Angelica

Kauffman, who deserves a volume instead of a mere mention. She came up from Switzerland, unknown, and made her way to the highest artistic circles in London. She had wit and beauty, and painted so well that Reynolds admitted she taught him a few tricks in the use of color. She produced several portraits of Reynolds, and Reynolds painted several of her; and the daughter of Thackeray wrote a novel which turns on the assumption that they were lovers.

There certainly was a fine comradeship existing between them; but whether Reynolds was ever capable of an all-absorbing passion there is much doubt. He was married to his work.

Reynolds had many intimate friends among women: Peg Woffington, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Thrale, Hannah More, Fanny Burney and others. With them all there went the same high, chivalrous and generous disinterestedness. He was a friend to each in very fact.

When the Royal Academy was formed in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight, Reynolds was made its president, and this office he held until the close of his life. He was not one of the chief promoters of the Academy at the beginning, and the presidency was half forced upon him. He might have declined the honor then had the King not made him a knight, and showed that it was his wish that Reynolds should accept. Sir Joshua, however, had more ballast in his character than any other painter of his time, and it was plain that without his name at the head the Academy would be a thing for smiles and quiet jokes.

The thirty-four charter members included the names of

two Americans, Copley and West, and of one woman, Angelica Kauffman.

And it is here worthy of note that although the Methodist Church still refuses to allow women to sit as delegates in its General Conference, yet, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight, no dissent was made when Joshua Reynolds suggested the name of a woman as a member of the Royal Academy.

¶ Sir Joshua did not forget his friends at the time honors were being given out, for he secured the King's permission to add several honorary members to the Academy—men who could n't paint, but who still expressed themselves well in other ways.

Doctor Johnson was made Professor of Ancient Literature; Oliver Goldsmith, Professor of Ancient History; and Richard Dalton, Librarian.

In this case the office did not seek the man: the man was duly measured, and the office manufactured to fit him.

When Sir Joshua died, in February, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-two, it was the close of a success so uninterrupted that it seems unequalled in the history of art. He left a fortune equal to considerably more than half a million dollars; he had contributed valuable matter to the cause of literature; he had been the earnest friend of all workers in the cause of letters, music and art; and had also been the intimate adviser and confidant of royalty. He was generous and affectionate, wise and sincere; a cheerful and tireless worker—one in whom the elements were so well mixed that all the world might say, This was a man!

LANDSEER

L A N D S E E R

THE man behind his work was seen through it—sensitive, variously gifted, manly, genial, tender-hearted, simple and unaffected; a lover of animals, children and humanity; and if any one wishes to see at a glance nearly all we have written, let him look at Landseer's portrait, painted by himself, with a canine connoisseur on either side.—Monkhouse.

LANDSEER

HAPPY lives make dull biographies. Young women with ambitions should be very cautious lest mayhap they be caught in the soft, silken mesh of a happy marriage, and go down to oblivion, dead to the world. ¶ "Miss Pott—the beautiful Miss Pott," they called her. The biographers did n't take time to give her first name, nor recount her pedigree, so rapt were they with her personality. They only say, "She was tall, willowy and lissome; and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her picture as a peasant beauty, bearing on her well-poised head a sheaf of corn."

It was at the house of Macklin, the rich publisher, that John Landseer, the engraver, met Miss Pott. She was artistic in all her instincts; and as she knew the work of the brilliant engraver and named his best pieces without hesitation he grew interested. Men grow interested when you know and appreciate their work; sometimes they grow more interested, at which time they are also interesting.

And so it came about that they were married, the beautiful Miss Pott and John Landseer, and it can also be truthfully added that they were happy ever afterward. ¶ But that was the last of Miss Pott. Her

husband was so strong, so self-centered, so capable, that he protected her from every fierce wind, and gratified her every wish. She believed in him thoroughly and conformed her life to his. Her personality was lost in him ✍ The biographer scarcely refers to her, save when he is obliged to, indirectly, to record that she became the mother of three fine girls, and the same number of boys, equally fine, by name, Thomas, Charles and Edwin.

Thomas and Charles grew to be strong, learned and useful men, so accomplished in literature and art that their names would shine bright on history's page, were they not thrown into the shadow by the youngest brother.

Before Edwin Landseer was twenty years of age he was known throughout the United Kingdom as "Landseer." John Landseer was known as "the father of Landseer," and the others were "the brothers of Landseer."

And when once in Piccadilly, the beautiful Miss Pott (that was) was pointed out as "the mother of Landseer," the words warmed the heart of the good woman like wine. To be the wife of a great man, and the mother of a greater was career enough—she was very happy.

Queen Anne Street, near Cavendish Square, is a shabby district, with long lines of plain brick houses built for revenue only ✍ ✍

But Queen Anne Street is immortal to all lovers of art because it was the home of Turner; and within its dark, dull and narrow confines were painted the most dazzlingly beautiful canvases that the world has ever seen. And yet again the street has another claim on our grateful remembrance, for

at Number Eighty-three was born, on March Seventh, Eighteen Hundred Two, Edwin Landseer.

The father of Landseer was an enthusiastic lover of art. He had sprung from a long line of artistic workers in precious metals; and to use a pencil with skill he regarded as the chief end of man.

Long before his children knew their letters, they were taught to make pictures. Indeed, all children can make pictures before they can write. For a play-spell, each day John Landseer and his boys tramped across Hampstead Heath to where there were donkeys, sheep, goats and cows grazing; then all four would sit down on the grass before some chosen subject and sketch the patient model.

Edwin Landseer's first loving recollections of his father went back to these little excursions across the Heath. And for each boy to take back to his mother and sisters a picture of something they had seen was a great joy.

"Well, boys, what shall we draw today?" the father would ask at breakfast-time.

And then they would all vote on it, and arguments in favor of goat or donkey were eloquently and skilfully set forth ❧ I said that a very young child could draw pictures: standing by my chair as I write this line is a chubby little girl, just four years old, in a check dress, with two funny little braids down her back. She is begging me for this pencil that she may "make a pussy-cat for Mamma to put in a frame." ¶ What boots it that the little girl's "pussy-cat" has five or six legs and three tails—these are all inferior details ❧ The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of

the race, and long before races began to write or reason they made pictures.

Art education had better begin young, for then it is a sort of play; and good artistic work, Robert Louis Stevenson once said, is only useful play.

Probably Edwin Landseer's education began a hundred years before he was born; but his technical instruction in art began when he was three years old, when his father would take him out on the Heath and placing him on the grass, put pencil and paper in his hand and let him make a picture of a goat nibbling the grass.

Then the boy noted for himself that a goat had a short tail, a cow a switch-tail, and horses had no horns, and that a ram's horns were unlike those of a goat.

He had begun to differentiate and compare—and not yet four years old!

When five years of age he could sketch a sleeping dog as it lay on the floor better than could Thomas, his brother, who was seven years older.

We know the deep personal interest that John Landseer felt in the boy, for he preserved his work, and today in the South Kensington Museum we can see a series of sketches made by Edwin Landseer, running from his fifth year to manhood

Thus do we trace the unfolding of his genius.

That young Landseer's drawing was a sort of play there is no doubt. People who set very young children at tasks of grubbing out cold facts from books come plainly within the province of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty

to Animals, and should be looked after, but to do things with one's hands for fun is only a giving direction to the natural energies.

Before Edwin Landseer was eight years of age his father had taught him the process of etching, and we see that even then the lad had a vivid insight into the character of animals. He drew pictures of pointers, mastiffs, spaniels and bulldogs, and gave to each the right expression.

The Landseers owned several dogs, and what they did not own they borrowed; and once we know that Charles and Thomas "borrowed" a mastiff without the owner's consent.

¶ All children go through the scissors age, when they cut out of magazines, newspapers or books all the pictures they can find, so as to add to the "collection." Often these youthful collectors have specialties: one will collect pictures of animals, another of machinery, and still another of houses. But usually it is animals that attract.

Scissors were forbidden in the Landseer household, and if the boys wanted pictures they had to make them.

And they made them.

They drew horses, sheep, donkeys, cattle, dogs; and when their father took them to the Zoological Garden it was only that they might bring back trophies in the way of lions and tigers.

Then we find that there was once a curiosity exhibited in Fleet Street in the way of a lion-cub that had been caught in Africa and mothered by a Newfoundland dog. The old mother-dog thought just as much of the orphan that was placed among her brood as of her sure-enough children.

The owner had never allowed the two animals to be separated, and when the lion had grown to be twice the size of his foster-mother there still existed between the two a fine affection.

The stepmother exercised a stepmother's rights, and occasionally chastised, for his own good, her overgrown charge, and the big brute would whimper and whine like a lubberly boy ❧ ❧

This curious pair of animals made a great impression on the Landseers. The father and three boys sketched them in various attitudes, and engravings of Edwin's sketch are still to be had.

And so wherever in London animals were to be found, there, too, were the Landseers with pencils and brushes, and pads and palettes.

In the back yard of the house where the Landseers lived were sundry pens of pet rabbits; in the attic were pigeons, and dogs of various breeds lay on the doorstep sleeping in the sun, or barked at you out of the windows.

It is reported that John Landseer once contemplated a change of residence; he selected the house he wanted, bargained with the landlord, agreed as to terms and handed out his card preparatory to signing a lease.

The real-estate agent looked at the name, stuttered, stammered, and finally said: "You must excuse me, Sir, but they say as how you are a dealer in dogs, and your boys are dog-catchers! You'll excuse me—but—I just now 'appened to think the 'ouse is already took!"

FROM Queen Anne Street the Landseers moved to Foley Street, near Burlington House. This was a neighborhood of artists, and for neighbors they had West, Mulready, Northcote, Constable, Flaxman and our own picturesque Allston, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Elgin Marbles were then kept at Burlington House, and these were a great source of inspiration to the Landseer boys. It gave them a true taste of the Grecian, and knowing a little about Greece, they wanted to know more. Greece became the theme—they talked it at breakfast, dinner and supper. The father and mother told them all they knew, and guessed at a few things more, and to keep at least one lesson ahead of the children the parents "crammed for examination."

Edwin sketched that world-famous horse's head from the Parthenon, and the figures of horses and animals in bas-relief that formed the frieze; and the boys figured out in their minds why horses and men were all the same height. Gradually it dawned upon the father and the brothers that Edwin was their master so far as drawing was concerned. They could sketch a Newfoundland dog that would pass for anybody's Newfoundland, but Edwin's was a certain identical dog, and none other.

Edwin Landseer really discovered the dog.

He discovered that dogs of one breed may be very different in temper and disposition; and going further he found that dogs have character and personality. He struck an untouched lode and worked it out to his own delight and the delight of great numbers of others.

His pictures were not mystical, profound or problematic—simply dogs, but dogs with feelings, affections, jealousies, prejudices. In short, he showed that dogs, after all, are very much like folks; and from this, people with a turn for psychology reasoned that the source of life in the dog was the same as the source of life in man.

Plain people who owned a dog beloved by the whole household, as household dogs always are, became interested in Landseer's dogs. They could not buy a painting by Landseer, but they could spare a few shillings for an engraving.

And so John Landseer began to reproduce the pictures of Edwin's dogs.

The demand grew, and Thomas now ceased to sketch and devoted all his time to etching and engraving his brother's work

Every one knew of Landseer, even people who cared nothing for art: they wanted a picture of one of his dogs to hang over the chimney, because the dog looked like one they used to own

Then rich people came and wanted Edwin to paint a portrait of their dog, and a studio was opened where the principal sitters were dogs. From a position where close economy must be practised, the Landseers found themselves with more money than they knew what to do with.

Edwin was barely twenty, but had exhibited at several Royal Academy Exhibitions and his name was on every tongue. He gave no attention to marketing his wares—his father and brothers did all that—he simply sketched and had a good time. He was healthy, strong, active, and could

walk thirty miles a day; but now that riches had come that way he bought a horse and rode.

Then other horses were presented him, and he began to picture horses, too. That he knew horses and loved them is evidenced in many a picture. In every village or crossroads town of America can be found copies of his "Shoeing," where stands the sleek bay mare, the sober, serious donkey, and the big dog.

No painter who ever lived is so universally known as Landseer, and this is because his father and brothers made it their life-business to reproduce his work by engraving.

Occasionally, rich ladies would want their own portraits painted with a favorite dog at their feet, or men wanted themselves portrayed on horseback, and so Landseer found himself with more orders than he could well care for. People put their names, or the name of their dog, on his waiting-list, and some of the dogs died of old age before the name was reached.

"I hear," said a lady to Sydney Smith at a dinner party—"I hear you are to have your portrait painted by Landseer."

¶ "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" answered the wit.

The story went the rounds, and Mulready once congratulated the clergyman on the repartee.

"I never made the reply," said Sydney Smith; "but I wish I had."

Sydney Smith was once visiting the Landseer studio, and his eye chanced to light on the picture of a very peculiar-looking dog.

"Yes, it's a queer picture of a queer dog. The drawing is bad enough, and never pleased me!" And Landseer picked up the picture and gave it a toss out of the window. "You may have it if you care to go get it," he carelessly remarked to the visitor. Smith made haste to run downstairs and out of the house to secure his prize. He found it lodged in the branches of a tree.

In telling the tale years afterward, Smith remarked that, whereas many men had climbed trees to evade dogs, yet he alone of all men had once climbed a tree to secure one.

¶ Sir Walter Scott saw Landseer's picture of "The Cat's Paw," and was so charmed with it that he hunted out the young artist, and soon after invited him to Abbotsford.

Leslie, the American artist, was at that time at Scott's home painting the novelist's portrait. This portrait, by the way, became the property of the Ticknor family of Boston, and was exhibited a few years ago at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Landseer, Leslie and Scott made a choice trio of congenial spirits. They were all "outdoor men," strong, sturdy, good-natured, and fond of boyish romp and frolic. Many were the long tramps they took across mountain, heath and heather. They visited the Highland district together, fished in Loch Lomond, paddled the entire length of Loch Katrine, and hunted deer on the preserve of Lord Gwydr.

On one hunting excursion, Landseer was stationed on a runway, gun in hand, with a gillie in attendance. The dogs started a fine buck, which ran close to them, but instead of leveling his gun, Landseer shoved the weapon into the

hands of the astonished gillie with the hurried whispered request, "Here, you, hold this for me!" and seizing his pencil, made a hasty sketch of the gallant buck ere the vision could fade from memory.

In fact, both Landseer and Leslie proved poor sportsmen —they had no heart for killing things.

A beautiful live deer was a deal more pleasing to Landseer than a dead one; and he might truthfully have expressed the thought of his mind by saying, "A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet." And indeed he did anticipate Thoreau by saying, "To shoot a bird is to lose it."

The idea of following deer with dogs and guns, simply for the sport of killing them was repugnant to the soul of this sensitive, tender-hearted man.

In the faces of his deer he put a look of mingled grandeur and pain—a half-pathos, as if foreshadowing their fate. In picturing the dogs and donkeys, he was full of jest and merriment; but the kings of moor and forest called forth deeper and sadder sentiments.

That wild animals instinctively flee in frenzied alarm at man's approach is comment enough on our treatment of them ❧ ❧

The deer, so gentle and so graceful, so innocent and so beautiful, are never followed by man except as a destroyer; and the idea of looking down a rifle-barrel into the wide-open, soulful eyes of a deer made Landseer sick at heart.

TO Landseer must be given the honor of first opening a friendly communication between the present royal family and the artistic and literary world.

Wild-eyed poets and rusty-looking, impecunious painters were firmly warned away from Balmoral. The thought that all poets and painters were anarchistic and dangerous—certainly disagreeable—was firmly fixed in the heart of the young Queen and her attendants.

The barrier had first been raised to Landseer ❧ He was requested to visit the palace and paint a picture of one of the Queen's deerhounds. It was found that the man was not hirsute, untamed or eccentric. He was a gentleman in manner and education—quite self-contained and manly. ¶ He was introduced to the Queen; they shook hands and talked about dogs and horses and things, just like old acquaintances. They loved the same things, and so were friends at once. It was not long before Landseer's near neighbors at Saint John's Wood were stricken speechless at the spectacle of Queen Victoria on horseback waiting at the door of Landseer's house, while the artist ran in to change his coat. When he came out he mounted one of the groom's horses for a gallop across the park with the Queen of England, on whose possessions the sun never sets.

These rides with royalty were, however, largely a matter of professional study; for he not only painted a picture of the Queen on horseback, but of Albert as well ❧ And at Windsor there can now be seen many pictures of dogs and horses painted by Landseer, with nobility incidentally introduced, or vice versa, if you prefer.

It was in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five that Landseer began to paint the pets of the royal family, and the friendly intimacy then begun continued up to the time of his death in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three.

In the National Academy are sixty-seven canvases by Landseer; and for the Queen, personally, he completed over one hundred pictures, for which he received a sum equal to a quarter of a million dollars.

Landseer's career was one of continuous prosperity. In his life there was neither tragedy nor disappointment. His horses and dogs filled his bachelor heart, and when Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart bayed and barked him a welcome to that home in Saint John's Wood where he lived for just fifty years, he was supremely content.

His fortune of three hundred thousand pounds was distributed at his death, as he requested, among various servants, friends and needy kinsmen.

Landseer had no enemies, and no detractors worth mentioning. That his great popularity was owing to his deference to the spirit of the age goes without saying. He never affronted popular prejudices, and was ever alert to reflect the taste of his patrons. The influence of passing events was strong upon him: the subtlety of Turner, the spiritual vision of Fra Angelico, the sublime quality of soul (that scorned present reward and dedicated its work to time) of Michelangelo were all far from him.

That he at times attempted to be humorous by dressing dogs in coats and trousers with pipe in mouth is to be regretted. A dog so clothed is not funny—the artist is.

The point has also been made that in Landseer's work there was no progression—no evolution. His pictures of mountain scenery done in Scotland before he was thirty mark high tide. To him never again came the same sweep of joyous spirit or surge of feeling.

Bank-accounts, safety and satisfaction are not the things that stir the emotions and sound the soul-depths. Landseer never knew the blessing of a noble discontent. But he contributed to the quiet joy of a million homes; and it is not for us to say, "It is beautiful; but is it art?" Neither need we ask whether the name of Landseer will endure with those of Raphael and Leonardo. Edwin Landseer did a great work, and the world is better for his having lived; for his message was one of gentleness, kindness and beauty.

GUSTAVE DORE

GUSTAVE DORE

LACROIX told Dore one day, early in his life in Paris, that he should illustrate a new edition of his works in four volumes, and he sent them to him. In a week Lacroix said to Dore, who had called, "Well, have you begun to read my story?" "Oh! I mastered that in no time; the blocks are all ready"; and while Lacroix looked on stupefied, the boy dived into his pockets and piled many of them on the table, saying, "The others are in a basket at the door; there are three hundred in all!"

—Blanche Roosevelt.

GUSTAVE DORE

IT was at the Cafe de l' Horloge in Paris. Mr. Whistler sat leaning on his cane, looking off into space, dreamily and wearily ❧ ❧

He roused enough to answer the question: "Dore—Gustave Dore—an artist? Why, the name sounds familiar! Oh, yes, an illustrator. Ah, now I understand; but there is a difference between an artist and an illustrator, you know, my boy. Dore—yes, I knew him—he had bats in his belfry!"

And Mr. Whistler dismissed the subject by calling for a match, and then smoked his cigarette in grim silence, blowing the smoke through his nose.

Not liking a man, it is easy to shelve him by a joke, or to waive his work with a shrug and toss of the head, but not always will the ghost down at our bidding ❧ ❧

In the realm of art nothing is more strange than this: genius does not recognize genius. Still, the word is much abused, and the man who is a genius to some is never so to others. In defining a genius it is easiest to work by the rule of elimination and show what he is not.

For instance, neither Reynolds, Landseer

nor Meissonier was a genius. These men were strong, sane, well poised—filled with energy and life. They were receptive and quick to grasp a suggestion or hint that could be turned to their advantage—to further the immediate plans they had in hand. They had ambition and the ability to concentrate on a thing and do it. Just what they focused their attention upon was largely a matter of accident. They had in them the capacity for success—they could have succeeded at anything they undertook, and they were too sensible to undertake a thing at which they could not succeed. They always saw light through at the other end.

"I have success tied to the leg of my easel by a blue ribbon," said Meissonier.

They succeeded by mathematical calculation, and the fame, name and gold they won was through a conscious laying hold upon the laws that bring these things to pass.

They chose to paint pictures, and the entire energy of their natures was concentrated upon this one thing. Practising the art, day after day, month after month, year after year, they acquired a wonderful facility. They knew the history of art—its failures, pitfalls and successes. They knew the human heart—they knew what the people wanted and what they did n't. They set themselves to supply a demand. And all this keenness, combined with good taste and tireless energy, would have brought a like success in any one of a dozen different professions.

And these are the men who give plausibility to that stern half-truth: a man can succeed in anything he undertakes —it is all a matter of will.

But you can not count Gustave Dore in any such category. He stands alone: he had no predecessors, and he left no successors. We say that the artist has his prototype; but every rule has its exception—even this one.

Gustave Dore drew pictures because he could do nothing else. He never had a lesson in his life, never drew from a model, could not sketch from Nature; accepted no one's advice; never retouched or considered his work after it was done; never cudgeled his brains for a subject; could read a book by turning the leaves; grasped all knowledge; knew all languages; found an immediate market for his wares and often earned a thousand dollars before breakfast; lived fifty years and produced over one hundred thousand sketches—an average of six a day; made two million dollars by the labor of his own hands; was knighted, flattered, proclaimed, adored, lauded, scorned, scoffed, hooted, maligned, and died broken-hearted.

Surely you can not dispose of a man like this with a "bon mot"!

Comets may be good or ill, but wise men nevertheless make note of them, and the fact that they once flashed their blinding light upon us must live in the history of things that were.

AN Alsatian by birth, and a Parisian by environment, Dore is spoken of as of the French School, but if ever an artist belonged to no "school" it was Gustave Dore.

¶ His early years were spent in Strasburg, within the shadow of the cathedral. His father was a civil engineer—methodical, calculating, prosperous. The lad was the second of three sons: strong, bright, intelligent boys.

In his travels up and down the Rhine the father often took little Gustave with him, and the lad came to know each wild crag, and crowning fortress, and bend in the river where strong men with spears and bows and arrows used to lie in wait. In imagination Gustave repeopled the ruins and filled the weird forests with curious, haunting shapes. The Rhine reeks with history that merges off into misty song and fable; and this folk-lore of the storied river filled the day-dreams and night-dreams of this curious boy.

But all children have a vivid imagination, and the chief problem of modern education is how to conserve and direct it. As yet no scheme or plan or method has been devised that shows results, and the men of imagination seem to be those who have succeeded in spite of school. In Gustave Dore we have the curious spectacle of Nature keeping bright and fresh in the man all those strange conceptions of the child, and multiplying them by a man's strength.

The wild imaginings of Gustave only served his father and mother with food for laughter; and his erratic absurdities in making pictures supplied the neighbors' fun.

But actions that are funny in a child become disturbing in a man; he 's cute when little, but "sassy" when older.

Gustave, however, did not put away childish things. When he had reached the age of indiscretion—was fourteen, and had a frog in his throat, and was conscious of being barefoot—he still imagined things and made pictures of them. His father was distressed, and sought by bribes to get him to quit scrawling with pencil and turn his attention to logarithms and other useful things; but with only partial success

When fifteen he accompanied his father and older brother to Paris, where the older boy was to be installed in the Ecole Polytechnique. It was the hope of the father that, once in Paris, Gustave would consent to remain with his brother, and thus, by a change of base, a reform in his tastes would come about and he would leave the Rhine with its foolish old-woman tales and cease the detestable habit of picturing them.

It was the first time Gustave had ever been to Paris—the first time he had ever visited a large city. He was fascinated, captivated, enthralled. Paris was fairyland and paradise. He announced to his father and brother that he would not return to Alsace, neither would he go to the Polytechnique. They told him he must do either one or the other; and as the father was going back home in two days, Gustave could have just forty-eight hours in which to decide his destiny.

¶ Passing by the office of the "Journal pour Rire," the father and son gaping in all the windows like true rustics, they saw announced an illustrated edition of "The Labors of Hercules." Some of the illustrations were shown in the window with the hope of tempting possible buyers. Gustave

looked upon these illustrations with critical eye, and his face flushed scarlet—but he said nothing.

He knew the book; aye, every tale in it, with all its possible variations, had long been to him a bit of true history. To him Hercules lived yesterday, and, confusing hearsay with memory, he was almost ready to swear that he was present and used a shovel when the strong man cleaned the Augean stables

The next morning, when his father and brother were ready to go to visit the Polytechnique, Gustave pleaded illness and was allowed to lie abed. But no sooner was he alone than he seized pencil and paper and began to make pictures illustrating "The Labors of Hercules."

In two hours he had half a dozen pictures done, and fearing the return of his father he hurried with his pictures to Monsieur Philipon, director of the "Journal pour Rire." He shouldered past the attendants, pushed his way into the office of the great man, and spreading his pictures out on the desk cried, "Look here, sir! that is the way 'The Labors of Hercules' should be illustrated!"

It was the action of one absorbed and lost in an idea. Had he taken thought he would have hesitated, been abashed, self-conscious—and probably been repulsed by the flunkeys—before seeing Monsieur Philipon. It was all the sublime effrontery and conceit—or naturalness, if you please—of a country bumpkin who did not know his place.

Philipon glanced at the pictures and then looked at the boy. Then he looked at the pictures. He called to another man in an adjoining room and they both looked at the pictures.

Then they consulted in an undertone. It was suggested that the boy draw another illustration right there and then. They wished to make sure that he himself did the work, and they wanted to see how long it took.

Gustave sat down and drew another picture.

Philipon refused to let the lad leave the office, and despatched a messenger for his father. When the father arrived, a contract was drawn up and signed, whereby it was provided that the "infant" should remain with Philipon for three years, on a yearly salary of five thousand francs, with the proviso that the lad should attend the school, Lycee Charlemagne, for four hours every day.

Thus, while yet a child, without discipline or the friendly instruction that wisdom might have lent, he was launched on the tossing tide of commercial life.

His "Hercules" was immediately published and made a most decided hit—a palpable hit. Paris wanted more, and Philipon wished to supply the demand. The new artist's pictures in the "Journal pour Rire" boomed the circulation, and more illustrations were in demand. Philipon suggested that the four hours a day at school was unnecessary—Gustave knew more already than the teachers.

Gustave agreed with him, and his pay was doubled. More work rushed in, and Gustave illustrated serial after serial with ease and surety, giving to every picture a wildness and weirdness and awful comicality. The work was unlike anything ever before seen in Paris: every one was saying, "What next!" and to add to the interest, Philipon, from time to time, wrote articles for various publications con-

cerning "the child illustrator" and "the artistic prodigy of the 'Journal pour Rire.'"

With such an entree into life, how was it possible that he should ever become a master? His advantages were his disadvantages, and all his faults sprang naturally as a result of his marvelous genius. He was the victim of facility.

Everything in this world happens because something else has happened before. Had the thing that happened first been different, the thing that followed would not be what it is.

¶ Had Gustave Dore entered the art world of Paris in the conventional way, the master might have toned down his exuberance, taught him reserve, and gradually led him along until his tastes were formed and character developed. And then, when he had found his gait and come to know his strength, the name of Paul Gustave Dore might have stood out alone as a bright star in the firmament—the one truly great modern.

Or, on the other hand, would the ossified discipline and set rules of a school have shamed him into smirking mediocrity and reduced his native genius to neutral salts?

Who will be presumptuous enough to say what would have occurred had not this happened and that first taken place?

BEFORE Gustave Dore had been in Paris a year his father died. Shortly after, the Strasburg home was broken up, and Madame Dore followed her son to Paris. Gustave's tireless pencil was bringing him a better income than his father had ever made; and the mother and three sons lived in comfort.

The mother admonished Gustave to apply himself to pure art, and not be influenced by Philipon and the others who were making fortunes by his genius. And this advice he intended to follow—not yet, but very soon. There were "Rabelais" and Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" to illustrate. These done, he would then enter the atelier of one of the masters and take his time in doing the highest work.

But before the books were done, others came, with retainers in advance. Then a larger work was begun, to illustrate the Crimean War, in five hundred battle scenes.

And so he worked—worked like a steam-engine—worked without ceasing. He illustrated Shakespeare's "Tempest" as only Dore could; then came Coleridge, Moore, Hood, Milton, Dante, Hugo, Gautier, and great plans were being laid to illustrate the Bible.

The years were slipping past. His brothers had found snug places in the army, and he and his mother lived together in affluence. Between them there was an affection that was very loverlike. They were comrades in everything—all his hopes, plans and ambitions were rehearsed to her. The love that he might have bestowed on a wife was reserved for his mother, and, fortunately, she had a mind strong enough to comprehend him.

In the corner of the large, sunny apartment that was set apart for his mother's room, he partitioned off a little room for himself, where he slept on an iron cot. He wished to be near her, so that each night he could tell her of what he had done during the day, and each morning rehearse his plans for the coming hours. By telling her, things shaped themselves, and as he described the pictures he would draw, others came to him.

The confessional seems a crying need of every human heart —we wish to tell some one. And without this confessional, where one soul can outpour to another that fully sympathizes and understands, marriage is a hollow, whited mockery, full of dead men's bones.

There is a desire of the heart that makes us long to impart our joy to another. Corot once caught the sunset on his canvas as the great orb sank, a golden ball, behind the hills of Barbizon. He wished to show the picture to some one— to tell some one, and looking around saw only a cottage on the edge of the wood a quarter of a mile away, and thither he ran, crying to the astonished farmer, "I 've got it! I 've got it!"

When Dore did a particularly good piece of work, in the first intoxication of joy he would run home, kiss his mother on both cheeks, and picking her up in his strong arms run with her about the rooms.

At other times he would play leap-frog over the chairs, vault over the piano, and jump across the table. And this wild joy that comes after work well done he knew for many years. In the evening, after a particularly good day, he would

play the violin and sing entire scenes from some opera, his mother turning the leaves.

As to his skill as a musician, is this testimonial on the back of a fine photograph I once had the pleasure of handling: "As a souvenir of tender friendship, presented to Gustave Dore, who joins with his genius as a painter the talents of a distinguished violinist and charming tenor.—G. Rossini."

The illustrations for Dante's "Inferno" were done in Dore's twenty-second year, and for this work he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He never did better work, and at this time his hand and brain seemed at their best.

¶ Every great writer and every great artist makes vigorous use of his childhood impressions. Childhood does not know it is storing up for the days to come, but its memories sink deep into the soul, and when called upon to express, the man reaches out and prints from the plates that are bitten deep; and these are the pictures of his early youth—or else they tell of a time when he loved a woman.

The first named are the more reliable, for sex and love have been made forbidden subjects, until self-consciousness, affectation and untruth creep easily into their accounting. All literature and all art are secondary sex manifestations, just as surely as the song of birds or the color and perfume of flowers are sex qualities. And so it happens that all art and all literature is a confession; and it occurs, too, that childhood does not stand out sharp and clear on memory's chart until it is past and adolescence lies between. Then maturity gives back to the man the childhood that is gone forever

Many of the world's best specimens of literature are built on the impressions of childhood. Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and I 'll name you another—James Whitcomb Riley—have written immortal books with the autobiography of childhood for both warp and woof.

Gustave Dore's best work is a reproduction of his childhood's thoughts, feelings and experiences—all well colored with the stuff that dreams are made of.

The background of every good Dore picture is a deep wood or mountain-pass or dark ravine. The wild, romantic passes of the Vosges, and the sullen crags, topped with dark mazes of wilderness, were ever in his mind, just as he saw them yesterday when he clutched his father's hand and held his breath to hear the singing of the wood-nymphs 'mong the branches

His tracery of bark and branch, and drooping bough held down with weight of dew, are startlingly true. The great roots of giant trees, denuded by storm and flood, lie exposed to view; and deep vistas are given of shadowy glade and swift-running mountain torrent. All is somber, terrible, and tells of forces that tossed these mountain-tops like bowls, and of a Power immense, immeasurable, incomprehensible, eternal in the heavens.

Dore's first exhibition in the Salon was made when he was eighteen, and a few years later, when he was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the decoration made his work exempt from jury examination. And so every year he sent some large painting to the Salon.

His work was the wonder of Paris, and on every hand his

illustrations were in demand, but his canvases were too large in size and too terrible in subject to fit private residences

Patrons were cautious.

To own a "Dore" was proof of a high appreciation of art, or else a lack of it—buyers did not know which. They were afraid of being laughed at.

His competitors began to hoot and jeer. Not being able to make pictures that would compete with his, they wrote him down in the magazines.

His name became a jest.

Various of his illustrations for the Bible were enlarged into immense canvases, some of which were twenty feet long and twelve feet high. All who looked upon these pictures were amazed by the fecundity in invention and the skill shown in drawing; but the most telling criticism against them was their defect in coloring. Dore could draw, but could not color, and the report was abroad that he was color-blind

The only buyers for his pictures came from England and America. Paris loved art for art's sake, and the Bible was not popular enough to make its illustration worth while. "What is this book you are working on?" asked a caller.

¶ It was different in London, where Spurgeon preached every Sunday to three thousand people. The "Dores" taken to London attracted much attention—"mostly from the size of the canvases," Parisians said. But the particular subject was the real attraction. Instead of reading their daily "chapter," hard-working, tired people went to see a

Dore Bible picture where it was exposed in some vacant storeroom and tuppence entrance-fee charged.

It occurred to certain capitalists that if people would go to see one Dore, why would not a Dore gallery pay?

A company was formed, agents were sent to Paris and negotiations begun. Finally, on payment of three hundred thousand dollars, forty large canvases were secured, with a promise of more to come.

Dore took the money, and, the agents being gone, ran home to tell his mother. She was at dinner with a little company of invited guests. Gustave vaulted over the piano, played leap-frog among the chairs, and turning a handspring across the table, incidentally sent his heels into a thousand-dollar chandelier that came toppling down, smashing every dish upon the table, and frightening the guests into hysterics. ¶ "It 's nothing," said Madame Dore; "it 's nothing—Gustave has merely done a good day's work!"

The "Dore Gallery" in London proved a great success. Spurgeon advised his flock to see it, that they might the better comprehend Bible history; the Reverend Doctor Parker spoke of the painter as "one inspired by God"; Sunday-schools made excursions thither; men in hobnailed shoes knelt before the pictures, believing they were in the presence of a vision.

And all these things were duly advertised, just as we have been told of the old soldier who visited the Gettysburg Cyclorama at Chicago and looking upon the picture, he suddenly cried to his companion, "Down, Bill, down! by t' Lord, there 's a feller sightin' his gun on us!"

Barnum offered the owners twice what they paid for the "Dore Gallery," with intent to move the pictures to America, but they were too wise to accept.

Twenty-eight of the canvases were eventually sold, however, for a sum greater than was paid for the lot, yet enough remained to make a most representative display; and no American in London misses seeing the Dore Gallery, any more than we omit Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, Dore visited England and was welcomed as a conquering hero. The Prince of Wales and the nobility generally paid him every honor. He was presented to the Queen, and Victoria thanked him for the great work he had done, and asked him to inscribe for her a copy of the "Dore Bible."

More than this, the Queen directed that several Dore pictures be purchased and placed in Windsor Castle.

Of course, all Paris knew of Dore's success in England. Paris laughed. "What did I tell you?" said Berand. And Paris reasoned that what England and America gushed over must necessarily be very bad. The directors of the Salon made excuses for not hanging his pictures.

Dore had become rich, but his own Paris—the Paris that had been a foster-mother to him—refused to accredit him the honor which he felt was his due.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight, smarting under the continued jibes and jeers of artistic France, he modeled a statue which he entitled "Glory." It represents a woman holding fast in affectionate embrace a beautiful youth, whose name we are informed is Genius. The woman has

in one hand a laurel-wreath; hidden in the leaves of this wreath is a dagger with which she is about to deal the victim a fatal blow.

Dore grew dispirited, and in vain did his mother and near friends seek to rally him out of the despondency that was settling down upon him. They said, "You are only a little over forty, and many a good man has never been recognized at all until after that—see Millet!"

But he shook his head.

When his mother died in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one it seemed to snap his last earthly tie. Of course he exaggerated the indifference there was towards him; he had many friends who loved him as a man and respected him as an artist

But after the death of his mother he had nothing to live for, and thinking thus, he soon followed her.

He died in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, aged fifty years.

SO HERE ENDETH BOOK TWO OF EMINENT PAINTERS, THE SAME BEING ONE OF THE SERIES OF LITTLE JOURNEYS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD: THE BORDERS AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED VOLUME BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE, IN THE YEAR MCMXI

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